

FILM FUN

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Film

Fun



Magazine of Fun, Judge's Library and Sis Hopkins' Own Book Combined

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E D I T O R I A L S

The Rights of the Writers

THE WRITERS of scenarios complain that they have no rights. A clever little writer, who had put much time on a favorite scenario, looked forward to seeing it on the screen. But at the end of the projection she retired to her own library, where she wept bitterly and would not be consoled. She knew better than to take it up with the director. She had done that before, with no result. And for the hundredth time she was forced to witness a garbled, cut, torn and amputated version of the clever little playlet over which she had worked hard.

"I never talk about my scenarios now," she said, "and I never insist on their putting my name on them. No wonder writers do not care to have their brain children acknowledged on the screen, when the pictures are nothing at all like the play as written."

An author is protected by the magazines. If a story is purchased and revision seems desirable, he is at once informed and asked to make the changes.

A scenario writer has no redress. He is at the mercy of any director who may revise his play as he chooses, or of the film cutter who wields the shears as some copy writers exercise their prerogative—so many cuts to the column or to the foot, regardless of fitness, unity or continuity.

"I wouldn't mind your cutting my stuff," protested a reporter once to a copy reader who held the city editor's desk at a certain period of the morning, "if you'd only cut it so's to make sense of what you leave in."

So the scenario writers protest bitterly to the directors. "If you must revise and cut, try to leave some co-ordination to the picture," they implore.

But in the world of scenarios, the writer has apparently no rights at all.

Why Knock on "Audience"?

SOME of the ultramodernists are complaining of the word "audience" as applied to a motion picture performance. Until there arises a new Webster to determine just what one might call a body of people gathered together to witness a motion picture performance, we refuse to enter the controversy.

"Audience" is not the word to apply to a motion picture crowd, they tell us. "Audience" means those gathered together to hear. "Seance" has been adopted by the spiritualists, although Webster openly and aboveboard announces that the word means a session of some public body.

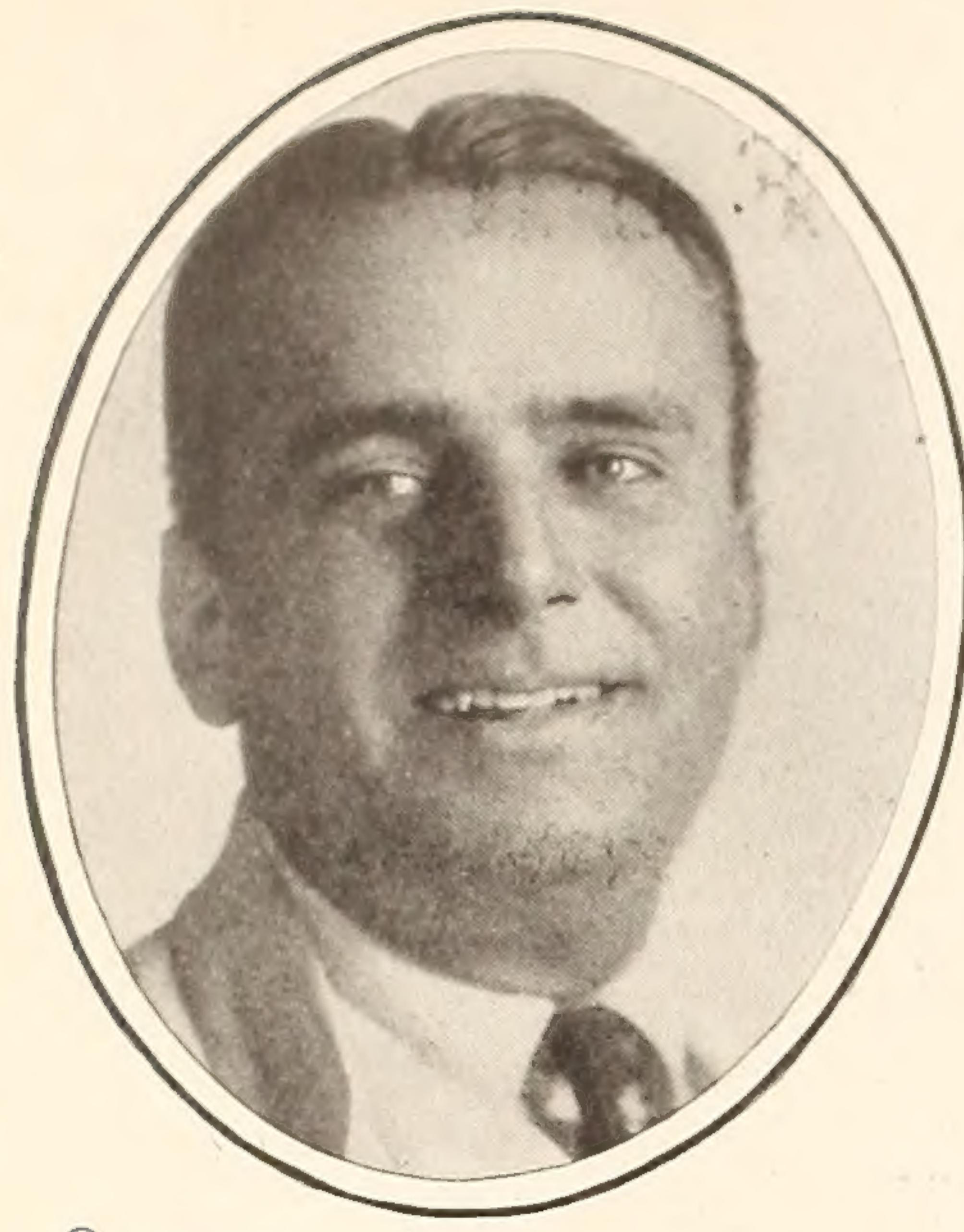
To coin a word, one might say "oculants." But for the matter of that, we are accustomed to the word "audience." It is an old friend. We have associated with it from childhood. Many words have likewise torn loose from their original meanings and have alibied serenely on for years without being pinched.

And, lastly, one is sure of hearing many interesting remarks and impromptu speeches at the motion picture shows.

Should the picture drag, one can listen unashamed to the conversation of the fat lady in front, who is telling her friend just how to cook scallops; or the whispers of the loving ones behind, who are telling each other that they love each other far more than the heroine and hero of the picture love each other; or the remarks of the incensed woman at the side, who is rehearsing what she is going to do to a "t" should her husband remain out late next Saturday night playing penuchle with that dreadful bunch that hang around the Greasy Spoon Club.

Audience! Why isn't it a good word for a motion picture performance?

Let us have a substitute presented for inspection before we discard our old friend.



© HARTSOOK

The famous Douglas Fairbanks smile.

Grand Indoor Sport

DOUGLAS FAIRBANKS, who dared the dangers of the plains in a trip to California this winter, has repudiated the thought of living at hotels while he is rehearsing pictures in that balmy climate.

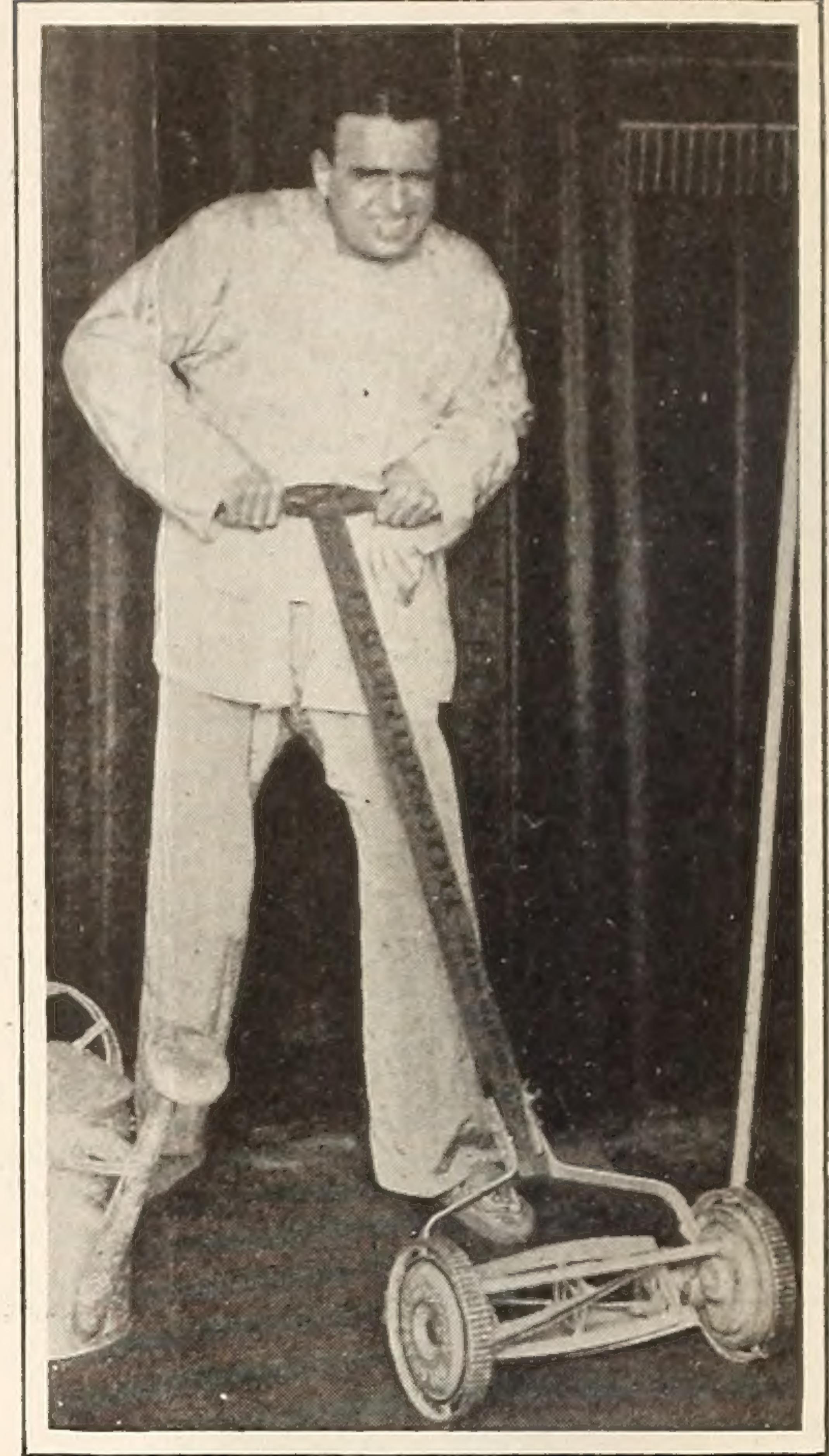
"Not little Doug," he said, wiping the sweat of honest toil from his brow, as he unwrapped parcels in his apartment in a New York hotel just before he left for the West. "See here! Whadjer think of this lot?"

There was a rake and a hoe and a lawn mower and a bushel of garden and flower seeds, a trowel, a pair of gorgeous gardening gloves, a wide straw hat, a—well, everything that goes with gardening—even the overalls.

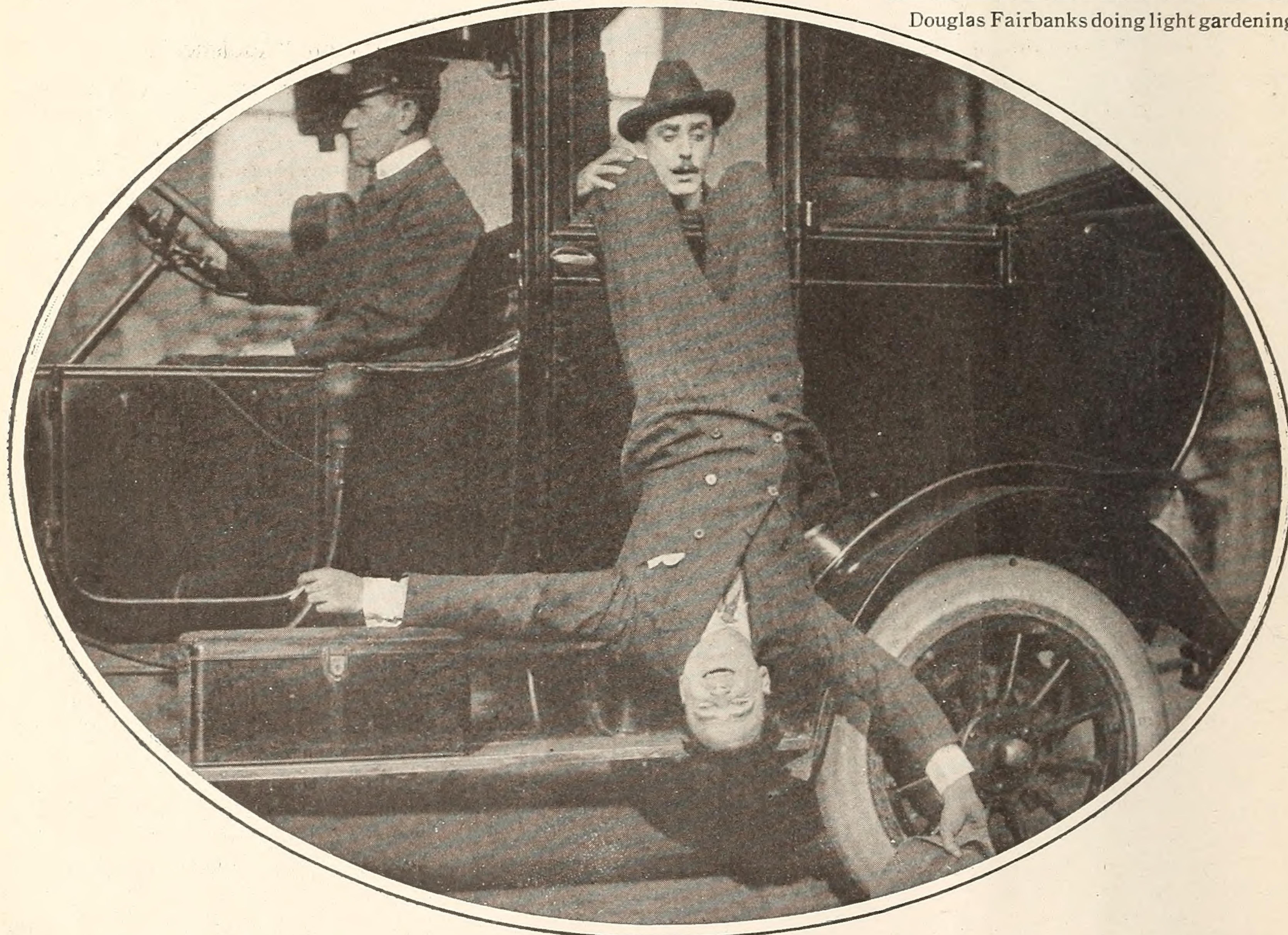
"I'm going to have a bungaloah and be a bungaloafer," he grinned. "I'm going to raise my own radishes and cucumbers—me, myself, not a gardener. I'm going to dig with that spade and mow with that lawn mower and rake with that rake and be the man with the hoe."

It's the truth.

Mr. Fairbanks became so enthusiastic over the joys of gardening in California that he pored over seed catalogues for days, picking out the pictures with the largest sizes and the brightest colors and fondly trusting that everything he planted



Douglas Fairbanks doing light gardening.



TRIANGLE

To get his picture in the papers, he tries an accident. After faithfully rehearsing it, he manages to fall out of the auto gracefully, giving an imitation of a severely injured man. Smashing up a perfectly good auto is nothing to him, if he can only get his picture in the papers. But the papers refuse to print the story.

would turn out just as it was pictured in the catalogue.

"Look at that radish seed," he said. "See that radish in the picture that it is going to be like. Think of going out in the garden before breakfast and picking radishes like that!"

"It's a dream that some of us have had," said his interviewer sadly. "It's a dream that dry weather and bugs and lack of gardening knowledge have shattered. Don't you know that nobody ever really goes out into the garden before breakfast and gathers anything with the dew on it?"

"Huh?" said Mr. Fairbanks, a trifle bewildered. "Why, I've had the time of my life up here fooling around with these things, getting ready to go and garden in California. Whadjer want to take the joy out of life like that for?"

And he rattled the mower and stood up the rake and the hoe in the corner and filled the pail with

packets of seed and requested his small son to leave the gloves alone.

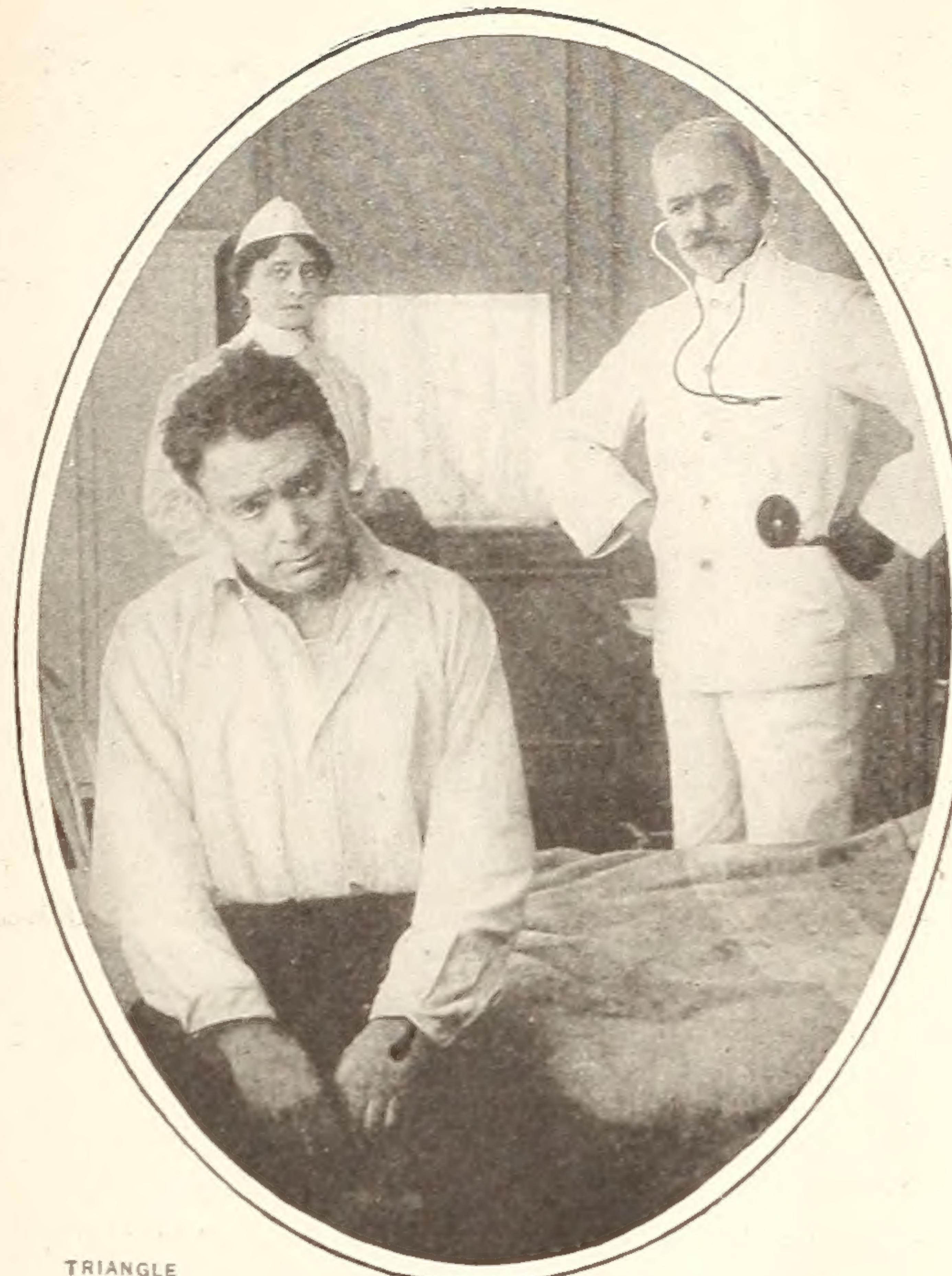
"The point is," began the interviewer, "why did you bother to buy all these things in New York and pay freightage on them to California? They have them out there, you know."

Somebody in the next room gave an approving sniff of scorn. It was quite evident that this subject had already been thoroughly discussed in the Fairbanks family. Mr. Fairbanks shuffled the gardening tools together uneasily and asked if his visitor had seen his latest picture.

"Not so loud!" he begged. "You see, that's what the missus said, and I—"

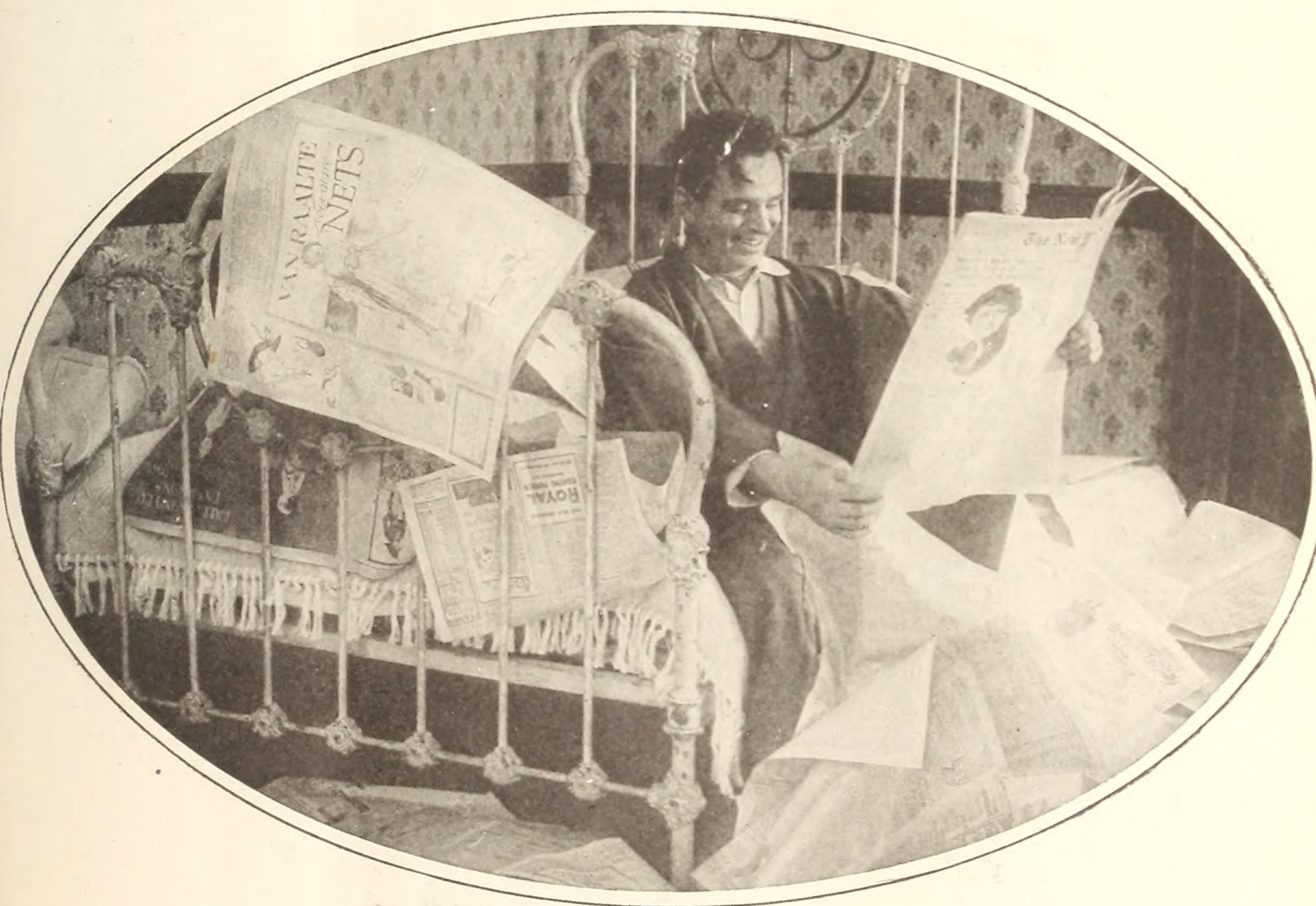
"It's time to go, really," said the visitor. "Gardening, even in California, you know, does not always run true to form."

"Good-by, gloom!" said Mr. Fairbanks, gayly waving a farewell with the hoe.



TRIANGLE

It isn't a bit of use. They won't take the picture.



TRIANGLE

"HIS PICTURE IN THE PAPERS."

Douglas Fairbanks, in "His Picture in the Papers," has his dream of publicity realized at last. By writing a testimonial to a patent medicine, he finds himself a marked man, with his picture and the story of his life in the papers at last.



ESSANAY

Ann Murdock and Richard Travers, in "Captain Jinks of the Horse Marines."

Spare the Actors

SIDNEY OLcott, of the Famous Players, felt uneasily in his vest pocket for the cigar he knew wasn't there. Mr. Olcott seldom has time for conversation. He is rated as the best director, bar none, in New York, and this means work morning, noon and night.

"I quit smoking a few months ago," he admitted sheepishly, "but I cannot seem to get over the habit of reaching for a cigar after luncheon. I catch myself at it every once in a while. But who wouldn't be absent-minded with such scenarios as this handed to one? Want to read it? No? Well, I'll tell you about it while you drink your coffee."

It isn't often one can find Director Olcott in a conversational mood.

"I never can quite make out whether writers think the directors are simpletons or whether they try to make their scenarios fool proof," he said. "Look at this one, now. The writer gives us a thrilling account of a battle between the Indians and the settlers back in the pioneer days in the West. He describes vividly all the killings and the deaths and winds up with a fierce rifle practice at close range.

"At the end of the script he puts in capitals:

"NOTE TO THE DIRECTOR: USE BLANK CARTRIDGES IN THIS SCENE!"

Christmas Joys

"I understand you and De Wolf Hopper spent an afternoon playing with the Christmas toys you got for the children," said the Two-minute Man.

Douglas Fairbanks grinned.

"Not so loud!" he implored. "You see, it was like this. I had bought a shopful of toys for my kiddy, and one day Hopper came over to see me, and I took him up to show him the things. His kid isn't anywhere near as old as mine, and he sure did look envious when he saw a train of cars that ran on real tracks with real switches and real semaphores and all the other things that real trains have. He wouldn't believe it could run, until I set it out on the floor and showed him, and the next thing we knew it was almost seven o'clock, and we had been quarreling over who would run that train next for three hours."



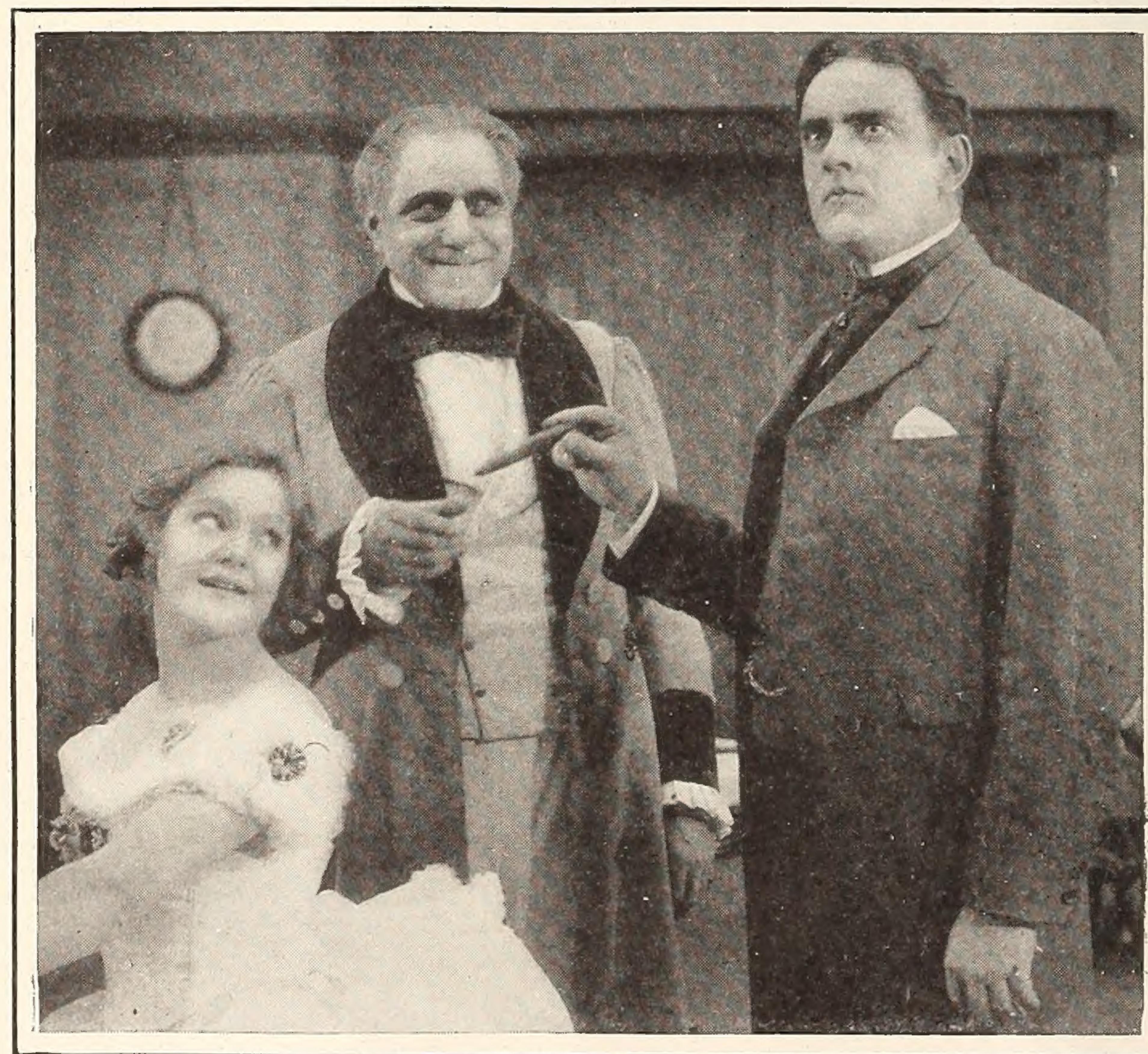
His Viewpoint

A workman fell from a scaffold, and after many gyrations, fell on a plot of grass and was not much hurt.

Jones rushed up, with his friend Smith, who wrote scenarios.

"Lucky escape for him, wasn't it?" said Jones to Smith.

Smith replied, with a faraway look in his eyes, "Gee! wouldn't that make a fine one-reel comedy?"



ESSANAY

"CAPTAIN JINKS OF THE HORSE MARINES."

A cigar ought not to cause either a laugh or a tremor, but it does.



KALEM

After Sis has quite innocently frustrated an elopement planned by the crook with Miss Lee, she indignantly accuses him of trying to kidnap her and cordially invites the detective to take the crook away to jail. Miss Lee's lover joins heartily in the invitation, and Pa and Ma Lee gasp at the escape of their pretty daughter.



KALEM

When it is all over, and they discover that Sis, with all her ludicrous blunders, has practically done a good turn for everybody, they congratulate her heartily on her engagement to Sudden Sam. Sis is in the seventh heaven of delight, for everybody hugs her, and the entire Lee family is restored to domestic harmony.

WHO WORE THEM FIRST?

By ELIZABETH SEARS

character; but who would mind a trifle like that?

"Not that it's a trifle, either, mind you," went on Billy Ritchie. "If you knew the trouble I have in getting these shoes made and trodden out so they look worn and comfortable! I am always on the lookout for old shoes. I believe I'd be hanging over every dump in the city, if I had the time, just looking for old shoes. I was born—"

"Never mind the obituary," I said mildly. "We'll print that in a box by itself. But tell me something about this picture that made Corporal Beck laugh himself to health in the Liverpool theater lately."

"Wasn't that queer?" grinned Mr. Ritchie, his black eyes snapping with interest. He had removed the funny little derby hat, and his hair, black and thick, stood out in a halo about his head. Barring the fact that he is thirteen years older than Chaplin and does not part his hair the same way, he looks enough like him to be his brother—looks more like him than Syd Chaplin does, in fact. He is a canny Scotsman, this Ritchie man.

"It was 'The Fatal Note' the soldier saw," explained Ritchie. "It seems he had been wounded while in Flanders, and both his speech and hearing were completely gone. He watched the picture with interest, and suddenly, to his intense amazement, found himself laughing so heartily that his speech was restored. He was so afraid that it would vanish again that he began to yell at the top of his voice, 'Keep it up, keep it up!' fearing that when the picture had run out, his voice would vanish. They took him out for disturbing the audience, but they changed their minds when they found that his voice had merely been restored and that he was almost mad with joy."

"Did that picture strike you as so funny when you made it?" I asked.

Mr. Ritchie plucked the natty little mustache from his upper lip and wrinkled his brow.

"Hoot, mon!" he replied, with circumspection. "Hoo could I say? It wudna be modest in me."

There you have it from his own lips. It was a funny picture.

"What about this make-up, now?" I ventured timidly. The problem of who came first is something like the "egg or the chicken" story.

Mr. Ritchie struck an attitude and

pursed out his lip. He relapsed into the vernacular.

"It wus dis way, see?" he said. "Dey wus de t'ree of us, see? An' de cop pinched one, and de two of us run, see?"

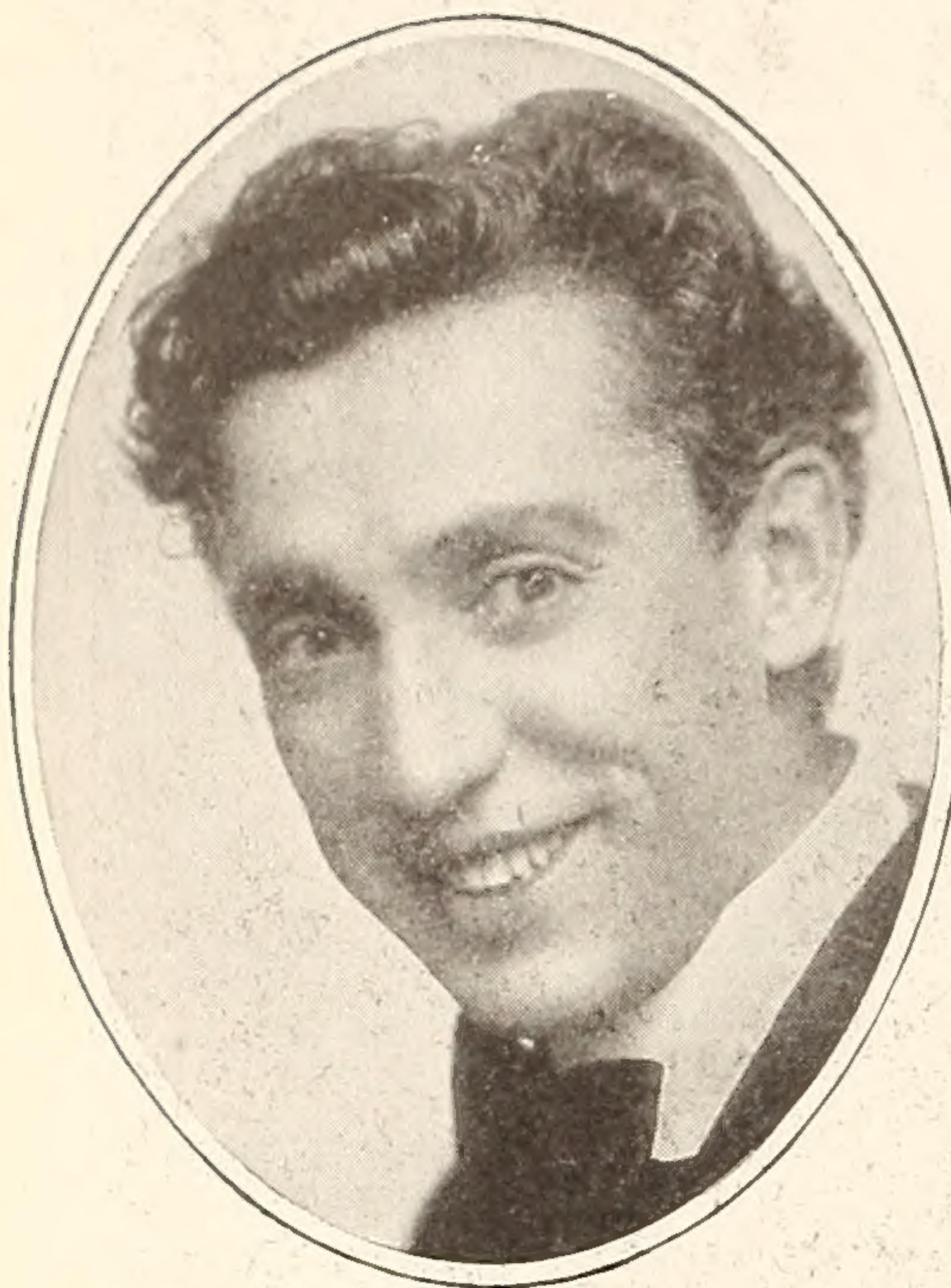
Once more he became the serious-voiced comedian and went on with his story.

"Seriously," he said, "I used this make-up in 1887. I was playing with my three sisters in a vaudeville act, and the make-up took so well that I have used it ever since. Later came Billy Reeves and Charlie Chaplin. I was the first."

Well, it's a good act, anyway.

"They tell me you are frankly a disciple of the slapstick stuff," I said, getting a side glance at that pair of feet, one in a disreputable big black shoe and one in a neat tan shoe, that made me sort of choke. "Don't you think the slapstick style has had its day?"

"Never," said Mr. Ritchie, ceasing to glance uneasily at the smart little car that was waiting outside. "No, sir. Don't let them tell you that. Now, here's what I think about comedy. I haven't any ambitions to play anything but comedy. To make two laughs grow where only one grew before is a good work, it seems to me. I don't claim to be the man who put the laugh in laughter, but I've done my share in keeping it there. Audiences are made up of all sorts of people, you know. There are thousands of people, especially the younger ones, who cannot appreciate

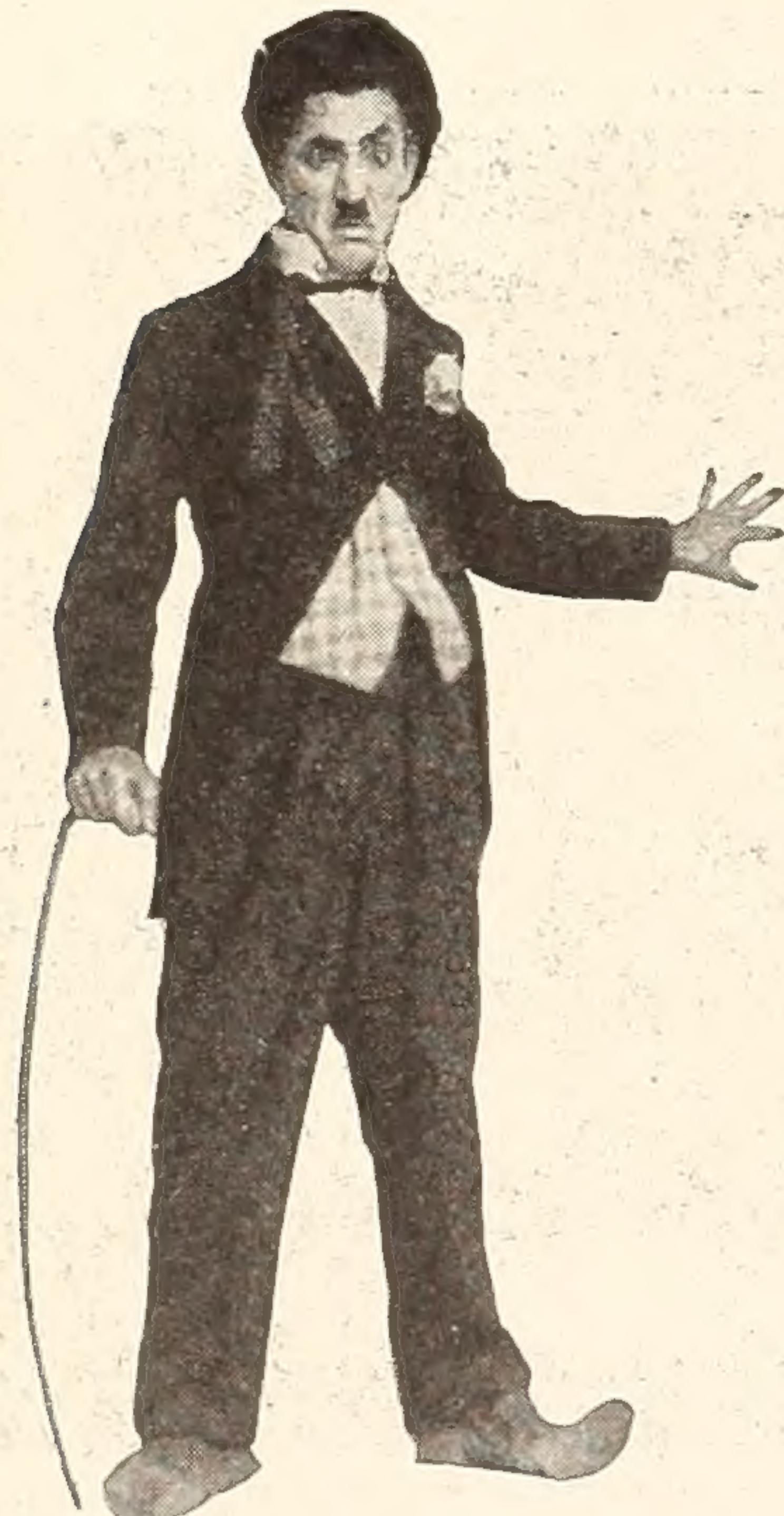


L-KO

If he parted his hair and looked solemn, wouldn't he be a ringer for Charlie Chaplin?

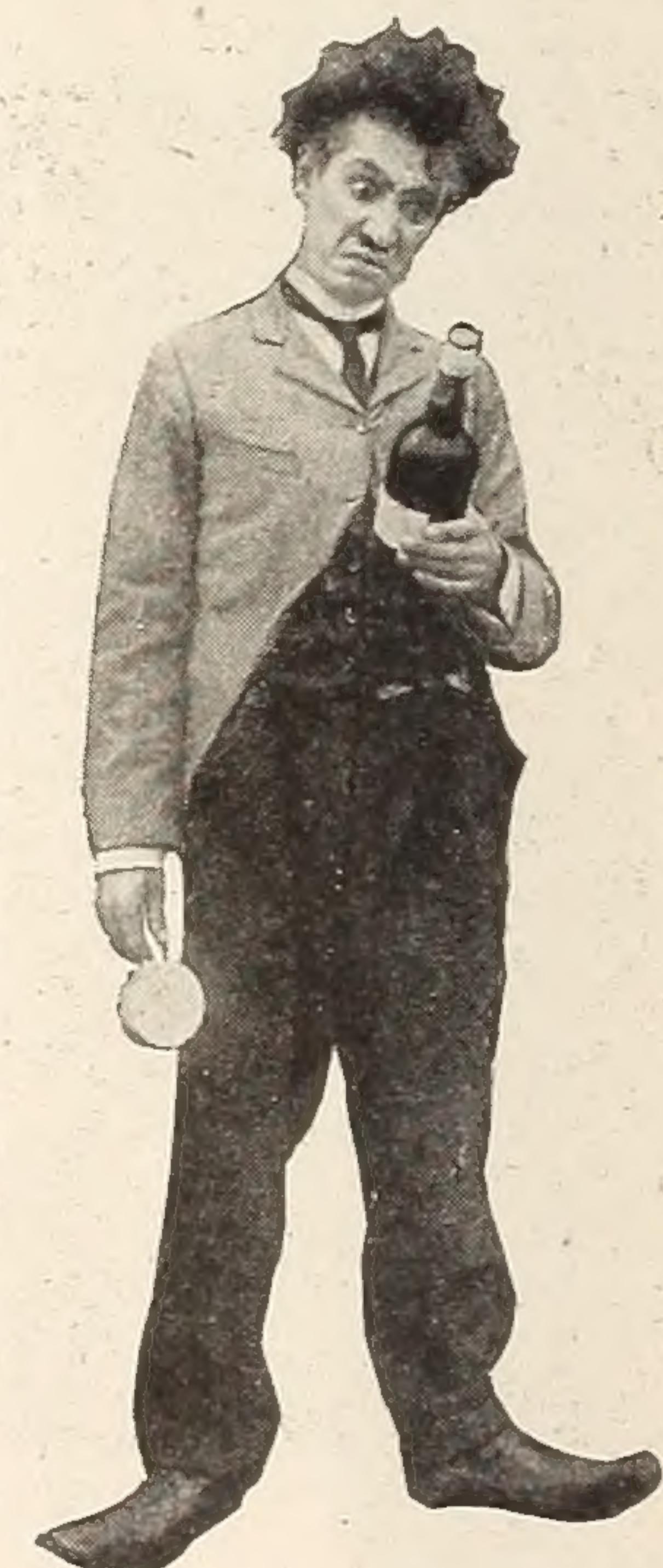
"EXCUSE," murmured Billy Ritchie, hastily grabbing for a shoe in his dressing-room. It chanced to be a tan street shoe, handmade and nattily trimmed with a modest shoe lace; but it covered his foot. "Very improper, you know—extremely improper to talk to a lady without your shoe on," he explained.

The shoe did not match up any too well with his other shoe, which was in



MOJENIER

Billy Ritchie as "The Drunk" in "A Night in a Music Hall," a role he has played five thousand times.



L-KO

Billy Ritchie, in "A Friend, But a Star Boarder."



L-KO

Billy Ritchie, Gene Rogers and Peggy Pearce, in an L-Ko comedy.

the more subtle forms of humor. They want to know right out what they are laughing at. They have lively imaginations, and they want to see something happening right along.

"Go to any theater and watch the better class of slapstick stuff. You'll hear the crowds roaring at it, won't you? Sure you will. You may not like it yourself, but there are plenty who do. And they pay to see the show just as often as you do. We must please them as well as the other crowd. Half the audiences at the picture houses are young people, and it is safe to say that they prefer comedy of the action type. I study out my parts patiently before I go before the camera, to get every bit of comedy action out of them."

"But they tell me"—I began.

"Just a minute," begged Mr. Ritchie, skipping about the dressing-room in his earnestness. If he would only use that tan shoe and black shoe stunt before the camera as he did in the dressing-room, it ought to be a scream. "I have the highest admiration for the highbrows. I'd be tickled to death if I could go 'round looking as if I had swallowed the dictionary. But remember that of all the population of this world, the highbrows occupy a comparatively small portion. And somebody must amuse the rest of the crowd. Think of that sometimes, won't you, when you are knocking slapstick?"

"But I'm not knocking"—I protested.

"Sure you have," said Mr. Ritchie, earnestly. "Didn't I see it in your magazine?"

There was nothing to do after that but to take my interview and go.

Inappropriate

David W. Griffith, the great director, has a habit of taking advice from his players. On one occasion, it is said, everything was ready for the taking of an elaborate trial scene, where a lawyer for the defense fought for time in a long-winded harangue.

"Can anyone suggest any improvements?" came the usual query from Griffith.

"Yes," came a reply. "That glass of water shouldn't be there. It seems rather out of place."

"Out of place?" queried the director. "Why, how is that?"

"Well," was the reply, "I was think-

ing that if the long-winded lawyer for the defense should happen to take a drink, it would be rather like trying to run a windmill with water."



At the Photoshow

The girl was tied upon the track,
The speeding train loomed big and black,
And then—this notice flashed—alack!

"See next reel here Saturday!"

The lion his tail in fury lashed,
The baby stood there unabashed,
And then upon the screen there flashed:
"Next installment here Tuesday!"

The cowboy leaped upon the bed
And waved the pistol round his head;
The hero jumped, and then we read:
"Second part here next week!"



Prices Rose

At a local picture show the master of the house was kissing the maid, and his son entered suddenly. Father gave him a dollar and urged him not to tell mother.

The small son of a sedate family party of father, mother and son, who had not taken his eyes from the picture once, looked up at his parent and said earnestly:

"Pa, you got to give me a dollar after this!"



Sometimes It Is

"It must be awful hard to lose a wife, Bill," whispered the man who had watched the deathbed of the starving wife in the picture, with tears.

"Yes," agreed Bill sadly. "It's almost impossible."



L-KO

In "A Friend, But a Star Boarder," Billy Ritchie serves breakfast in a highly original manner.



BRAY-PARAMOUNT

THE POLICE DOG ON THE WIRE.

Scene from C. T. Anderson's comic cartoons.

Shakespeare at the Pictures

"Look here upon this picture and on this." (Hamlet.)

I

Arthur Johnson and Lottie Briscoe in any scene:

"An excellent, dumb discourse." (The Tempest.)

The Pickfords—Mary, Lottie and Jack:

"A royal train, believe me!" (King Henry VIII.)

Dorothy and Lillian Gish:

"Two lovely berries molded on one stem."

(Midsummer Night's Dream.)

Mary Fuller:

"To the manner born." (Hamlet.)

Marguerite Snow:

"Is she not passing fair?" (Two Gentlemen of Verona.)

Theda Bara and others—sometimes:

"Villains by necessity." (King Lear.)

Marc MacDermott:

"The best conditioned and unwearied spirit
In doing courtesies." (Merchant of Venice.)

Maurice Costello:

"A man of sovereign parts." (Love's Labor Lost.)

Francis X. Bushman:

"A lion among ladies." (Midsummer Night's Dream.)

William Shay:

"Seldom he smiles." (Julius Cæsar.)

Walker Whiteside:

"Oh, what a deal of scorn looks beautiful
In the contempt and anger of his lip!" (Twelfth Night.)

Frank Borasze:

"I can't tell what the dickens his name is."

(Merry Wives of Windsor.)

Roscoe Arbuckle:

"The little foolery that wise men have makes a great show."

(As You Like It.)

Charlie Chaplin:

"He capers nimbly." (King Henry VI.)

Bobby Connolly:

"So young, so wise!" (King Richard III.)

John Bunny:

"The memory be green." (Hamlet.)

Pavlowa:

"When you do dance, I wish you
A wave of the sea, that you might ever do
Nothing but that." (Winter's Tale.)

Bernhardt:

"Thy eternal summer shall not fade." (Sonnet XVIII.)

Marguerite Clark:

"The daintiest last, to make the end most sweet!"

(King Richard III.)

II

Directing a photoplay:

"An enterprise of great pith and moment." (Hamlet.)

A good screen:

"Adds a precious seeing to the eye." (Love's Labor Lost.)

Old reels:

"They have seen better days." (Timon of Athens.)

Revolvers in library drawers, for the convenience of prospective suicides:

"Something too much of this." (Hamlet.)

A counter-attraction on feature night:

"A thing devised by the enemy." (King Richard III.)

A Ford in a Civil War scene:

"There are more things in heaven and earth, Horatio,
Than are dreamed of in our philosophy." (Hamlet.)

Rescuing any heroine:

"A deed of terrible note." (Macbeth.)

A blur on the screen:

"Out, damned spot! Out, I say!" (Macbeth.)

The Pathe Weekly:

"Thus we may see how the world wags." (As You Like It.)

—Myrtle Conger.



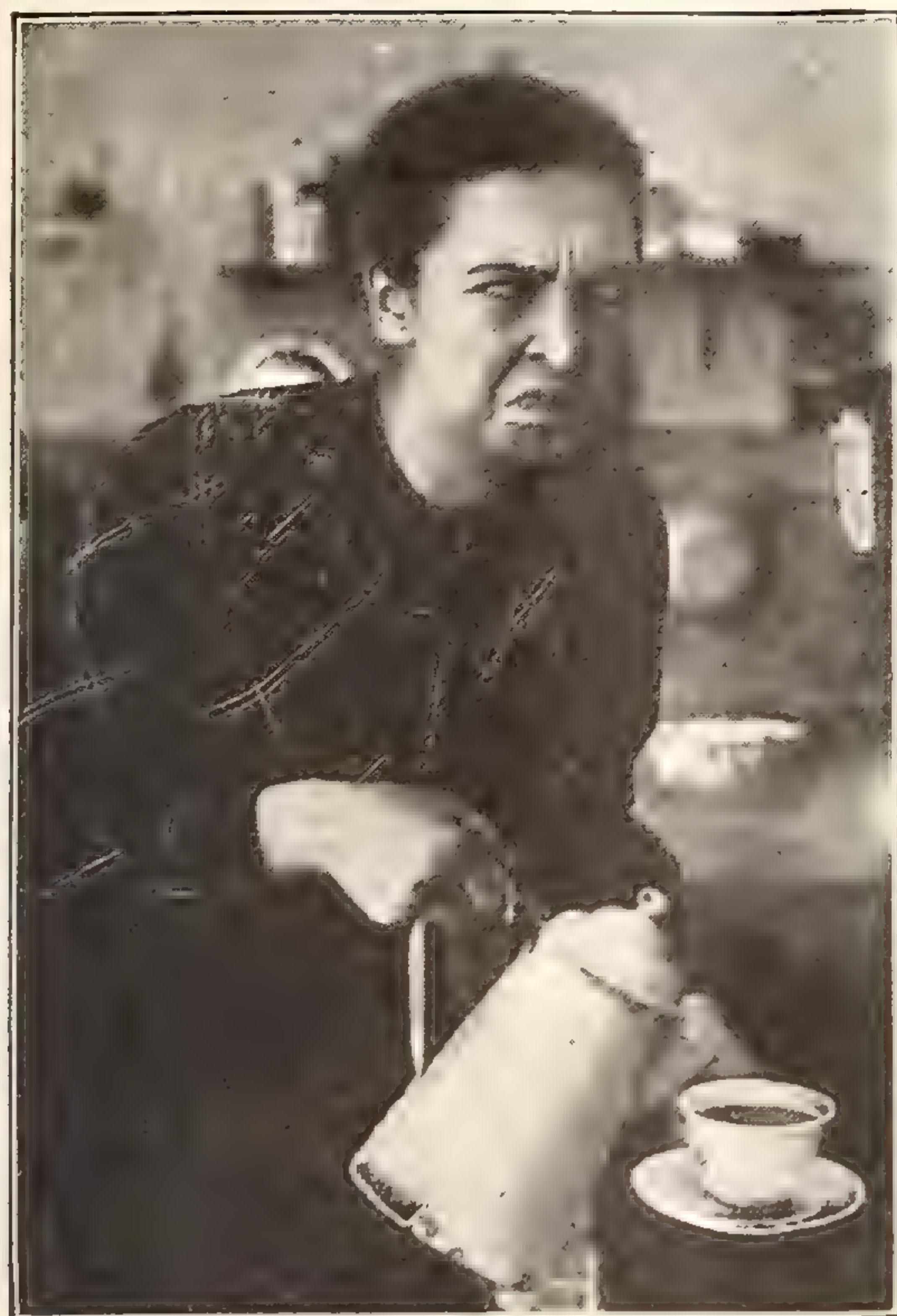
BRAY-PARAMOUNT

HAADEM BAAD'S ELOPEMENT.

Cartoons by L. M. Glacken, being his idea of a pre-historic elopement.

MRS. HARRIGAN VISITS THE "EMOTION PITCHURES"

By JAMES GABLE



UNIVERSAL

Gale Henry claims she is never in a good humor at breakfast

"AV COORSE, I think the world av Mrs. O'Flaherty," began Mrs. Grogan.

"Sure!" commented Mrs. Harrigan. "I'm sore at her, too."

"I ain't knockin'!" Mrs. Grogan declared indignantly. "I think the world av Mrs. O'Flaherty, but that doesn't blind me to the fact that she's wan av the worst gadabouts in this parish. She's niver at home! This marnin' I wint over to borry a few little things, an' she wasn't there."

"Mebbe she knew ye was comin'," said Mrs. Harrigan dryly. "I'll bet she was at the emotion pitchers, improvin' her mind, instead of bein' at home wastin' her substance lendin' to her naybors. I saw 'The Model Wife' advertised by the Bit-agraft pape, an' wonderin' what they cud have to say about meself, I wint in to see it. But there wasn't a thing in it about me! I was disappointed. What do ye think av these seareels?"

"I don't like him," Mrs. Grogan replied promptly. "'Tis like atin' corn husks an' excelsior. Oatmale for me."

"I don't mane what ye mane," Mrs. Harrigan explained. "I'm deludin' to continued plays like 'The Hazards of Hailing,' 'The Explosions av Ellen,' 'The Dry Mud from the Sty,' an' Killem's 'As Empty as Mankind,' which must be very bad indade; for Moike, the black curse av

Cromwell on him! is always empty, though forever gettin' full. Well, 'tis me own fault. I married him on the third day av the wake, an' I was always unlucky av a Choosda'."

"Did ye see Henryauto Cloesman as the widdie in 'The Supreme Toast,' got out by the Universalists?" Mrs. Grogan asked. "I'll bet she cud manage a husband!"

"Yis," Mrs. Harrigan responded. "I saw it. I misdoubt not her first husband gave a sigh av relief whin he heard he was goin' to die. I didn't think much av her second, ayther. He was wan av them rah-rah boys wid a college walk an' a kindergarten edification! 'Twould have done me sowl good to heave a cabbage at him!"

"Did ye see Mrs. Letslie Starter in 'The Hart av Marryland,' she that was made famous by Bosco who eats 'em alive? 'Tis got out by the Tuffany Film Coopera-tion."

"No," Mrs. Harrigan admitted. "I did not. But I saw Jellybean Furrow in 'Carmine.'"

"I ain't seen that," Mrs. Grogan de-clared.

"Well, she's a musician, focal an' incidental," Mrs. Harrigan explained. "Her playin' on the bones an' the catarrh is won-derful, an' she has a very sympathetic touch on the graofone. She used to sing wid Tomato an' Crusoe an' Chancy Oil-cloth an' the rest av the grate vices, till they found out where the trouble was. She cud sing 'The Mizzouri,' by Wordy, an' 'The Tail av the Lonesome Swine,' till ye'd weep for joy. An' whin she played Badoven's 'Moonlit Snorter,' the naybors called in the polace an' the au-jance wint home in a hearse. Jellybean took the part av Carmine.

"Tell me about it," urged Mrs. Grogan.

"Well, Carmine is a coffin-nail maker an' smokes up nearly all her output. She belaves in gettin' all the crame out av life an' doesn't care whose milk she skims. A cat has no conscience, an' that's the rayson she lives so high. 'Tis the same way wid Carmine.

"She falls in love wid Don Hose. Havin' nothin' else to do wid it, he re-turns her love, an' they live in a fool's paradise for a while—though even at that a fool's paradise is betther than purgatory.

"Havin' killed a man, Don Hose takes rayfuge wid the band av gypsies that Carmine do be travelin' wid, till she tires av

him, an' takes up wid a torrid-door, which is Spinach for bull fighter an' manes a cowpuncher in our language—a felly named Excameo."

"Huh!" Mrs. Grogan grunted. "Sounds like a cheese."

"Don Hose hasn't sense enough to see that 'tis betther to have loved and lost than to become an authority on nursin' bottles, patent foods an' paregoric, so he thries to get her to live wid him again. She rayfuses, an', havin' become an' adept at the butcher's business, he kills her. She carries on somethin' awful, for she's dyin' for the first time an' ain't used to it."

"What others have ye seen?" Mrs. Grogan asked.

"Well, there was 'The Dotters av Min,' got out by the Lovin pape. The hero was a fine, big, strappin' fellow that looked as though he was chatin' a blacksmith out av a good, steady hand.

"There was another char' tkther in the play by the name av Reggie, who was 'the gloss av fashion an' the mold av form.' He'd like to set the world on fire, but is afraid. Did ye iver see annywan be that name that wasn't worthless?

"This Reggie marries an actress who has made a great hit wid mimbers av the Blind Institoot. To salivate the nutshells he gives an inception, on a Sunda', too, mind ye, whin we are tould that we must toil not, nayther must we sin."

"The actress, bein' a graduate av the Controversy av Music, plays the pianny an' sings, afther which the guests enjoy themselves. The big fayture av the avenin' is a pool av shampagne, where Reggie takes his annual bath by prexy."

"What do ye mane—prexy?" Mrs. Grogan demanded.

"That's right," Mrs. Harrigan replied, in a gratified tone. "Whiniver ye don't know annythin', ask me, an' I'll tell ye. A bath by prexy manes that he hired some-wan else to do it for him. An' the hired bather does it in a big pool av shampagne. Wan av the guests, seein' all the wealthy watther goin' to waste, jumps in, deter-mined to die happy, even if it does involve takin' a bath."

"My!" exclaimed Mrs. Grogan, in shocked tones. "Shure that was scandalous! No woman wud have done that!"

"She don't have to," Mrs. Harrigan responded. "All a woman has to do is to dab on another layer av powder, but a man has to wash his neck."

Ditmars School of Dramatic Arts for Inhuman Beings

"**M**ONKEYS," said Raymond L. Ditmars, looking up from a tree toad he was teaching to call the insect and animal actors to their scenes, "can register every mood that a human can—anger, despair and joy."

So they can. Take a look at the gibbon on this page and note his expression of marital anxiety. He is calling to his mate to come away from the camera. His mate is taking part in a picture rehearsal, and Gib doesn't care much for it. Like some husbands, he believes that a wife's place is IN THE HOME.

Professor Raymond Ditmars is curator of the zoo at Bronx Park and for months had the ambition to train animals to act for the screen. He believed that it could be done, and he backed his convictions to the extent of spending days in patiently teaching the animals screen tricks, and then coaxing them to exhibit them before the camera and be filmed.

"The star of our dramatic school is a sober old porcupine," went on Professor Ditmars. "That old chap can portray every known emotion and is a born actor. The trouble with the animals is to persuade



PARAMOUNT

White-faced gibbon anxiously calling his mate from the camera.



PARAMOUNT

"The frog he would a-wooin' go."

the spectators among them to remain spectators. When the animal actors begin their stunts, the rest want to climb over the railings and join in. I remember one monkey race that was completely spoiled because the monkey audience became so interested that they madly dashed in and all made the race together."

These animal-actor pictures are in great favor with the children. What Mr. Ditmars is really endeavoring to accomplish is to do with the actual subjects something of what Kipling did with the jungle tales. He has a warm ally in Charlie Snyder, the head keeper at the zoo. Keeper Snyder watches the

training and filming with the deepest interest and spends much of his off time in continuing the work done by Professor Ditmars and putting on private acting stunts to keep the animals in training for each day's work.

"Watch this little chap," said Mr. Ditmars, coaxing the tree toad



to sing. "He's our callboy. Watch him swell his throat when he calls. Did you know that if a man had this volume of voice in proportion to his size, he could go into the Woolworth Building in New York City, and by merely puffing out his cheeks and saying 'Woof!' he could smash the place into smithereens?"

Therefore, regard the tree toad with respect, fair ones, and shudder to think of the consequences were man to have, in proportion, a volume of voice equal to that of the tree toad whose voice, on a calm night, can be heard a mile.

It should make him a most valuable callboy for the theater of the school of dramatic arts for inhuman beings.

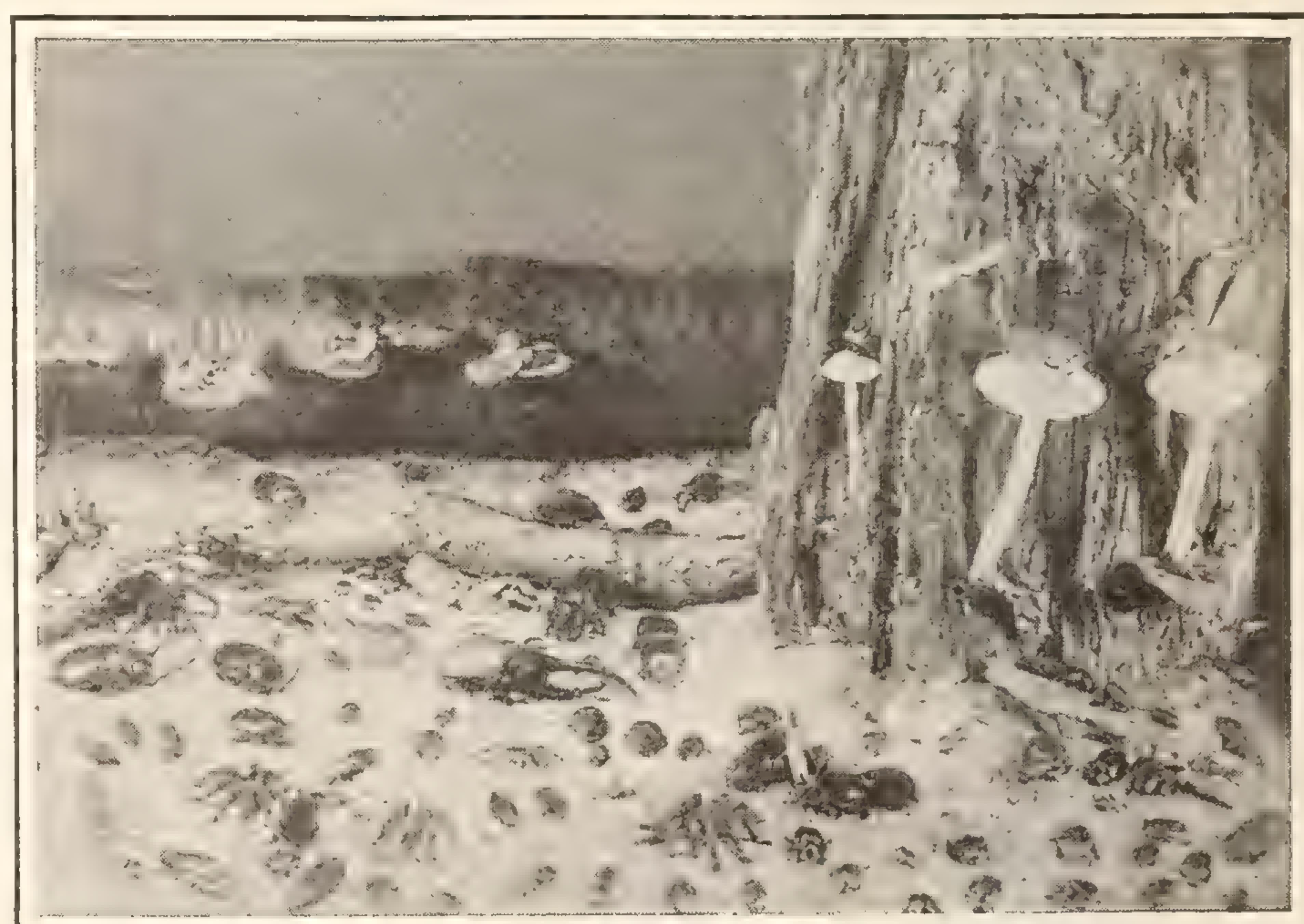


Needed Change

Ticket seller—You'd better give me a week off. My beauty is fading.

Manager—What makes you think so?

Ticket seller—The men are beginning to ask for their change.



PARAMOUNT

The jungle theater. Pick out your matinee idol.



© HARTSOOK

Blanche Sweet, of the Lasky Films, always wears this pensive look just before she tells a joke.

Seems lak backin de ole days, when de good Lord He made de wedder, we never had dese turrible hot days, sizzlin' lak dis. But eber sense dese here wedder men dey tooken charge and went to makin' de wedder; we done had some triflin' days. Dey ain't 'sperienced at it, lak de good Lord wus!"



Leo, the Chaser

De Wolf Hopper will have the big type when his second Triangle play, "Sunshine Dad," is produced, but he says that Leo is going to be the real star of the picture. Leo is the Fine Arts lion which chases Hopper and Fay Tincher through many scenes of the comedy.

"He is stealing every scene they give him," said Hopper, after a few sessions in the projection room. "It is simply uncanny the things that lion does to get a laugh! It's no effort at all for him. Wait till you see what he does when he sees himself in a mirror. Theatrically speaking, there'll be nothing at all left of me. Bless the old fellow! I hope the public likes him as well as we've learned to. He's been ten times more exciting than the rattlesnake in 'Don Quixote,' and much pleasanter company. Besides, he's a better actor."

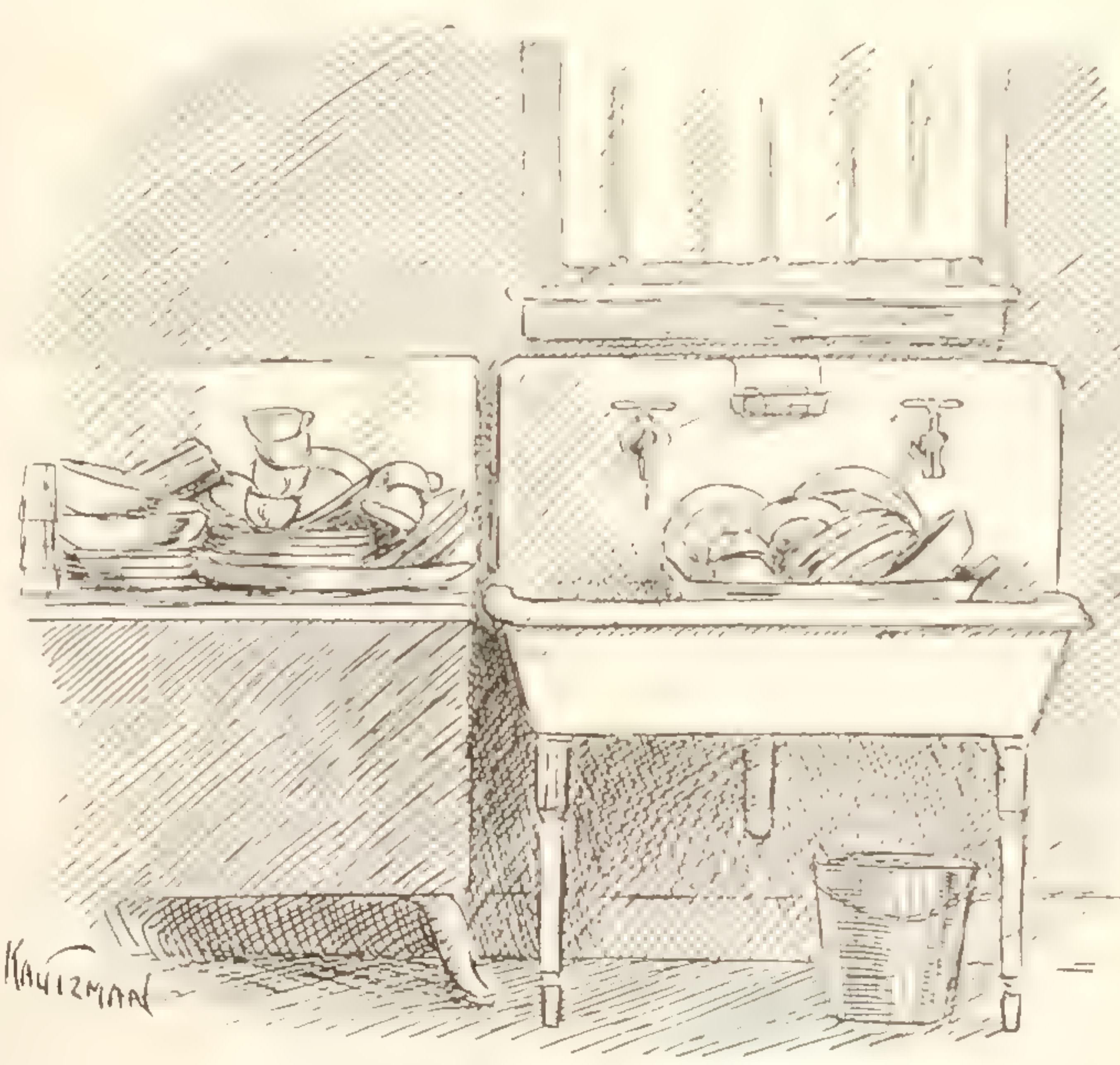


Baseball's Only Rival

Dick Kinsella, the former owner of the Springfield club in the Three I League and now scout of the Giants traveled East recently with a former sporting editor who is now in the movie business.

"Do you know, I believe the bleacher business has been more than cut in half by the film houses," said Kinsella. "It's got so bad that I gave a quarter to a boy friend of mine last summer to take in a ball game. I kept my eyes peeled for him that afternoon, but couldn't locate him."

"That night I asked him how he liked the game. He seemed to act secretive, and finally admitted he had spent the two-bits for five moving picture shows."



JUDGE

Mother's gone to the picture show.

Handmade Weather

"DID I ever tell you the story of the day I went with a friend in Washington to do some marketing?" said Blanche Sweet. "I love to wander around those quaint Southern markets. My friend is an old-fashioned Southern woman, who drives to the market every morning and selects her own vegetables. The old colored woman at the vegetable stall was a typical old-time darky, and as she tied up the radishes with a bit of ribbon grass, my friend remarked sympathetically,

"Well, aunty, it's a very warm day."

"Yas'm, honey," said the old colored woman; "it is dat



PATHE

Pearl White registering joy. She is just giving the last stir to a chafing dish full of creamed oysters. And she loves creamed oysters.

Creamed Oysters Off the Screen

"DON'T believe that I cannot cook," said Pearl White, the jolly little Pathe star. "Take off your things and come in and help me eat these creamed oysters. Don't you just love creamed oysters? You take some oysters and some cream and some butter and salt and pepper and stir them in the chafing dish.

"How much of each? Why bother me with foolish questions? I cook after the manner of the old colored mammy in New Orleans: 'A pinch o' dis and a pinch o' dat; but mix 'em wid jedgment, honey, mix 'em wid jedgment.'"

Here's a chance for the "Helps for Housewives" column. Get after that recipe for the creamed oysters Miss White makes. The plans and specifications may be a trifle vague, but the finished product could rank with any cuisine creation ever sampled.



Casabianca

(REVISED)

The boy stood on the burning deck,
Whence all but he had fled;
The flames that lit the battle's wreck
Shone round about his head.
I soon the garden hose uncoiled
And thoroughly did soak 'um.
"Blame fool!" yells he. "You've
spoiled the film!"
The "fire" was only oakum.



Wrong Idea

Friend—Did you think the editor would buy your scenario?

Writer—Yes; but I had the wrong idea.

IF YOU WERE A MOTION PICTURE ACTRESS



BALBOA

"Beg for it," says Lillian Lorraine to her pet bear, "Balboa." Wouldn't you like to be the bear and be fed sugar by a honey girl?



EDISON

Which do you suppose is the mascot in this picture of Marie Pavis and Bob Walker, in "The Sufferin' Baby"—the baby or the dog?



GAUMONT-MUTUAL

Marguerite Courtot considers "Old Ironsides" the best mascot she has ever had and whispers all her heart throbs into his sympathetic ears. He's a lucky mule.



June Keith never can make up her mind which pet she likes the more—the collie or the fierce-looking Turk under her right arm.



SELIG

Grace Darmond taking her first lesson in milking her pet bossy cow from Otis Harlan. Heavens, Grace, you are on the wrong side!



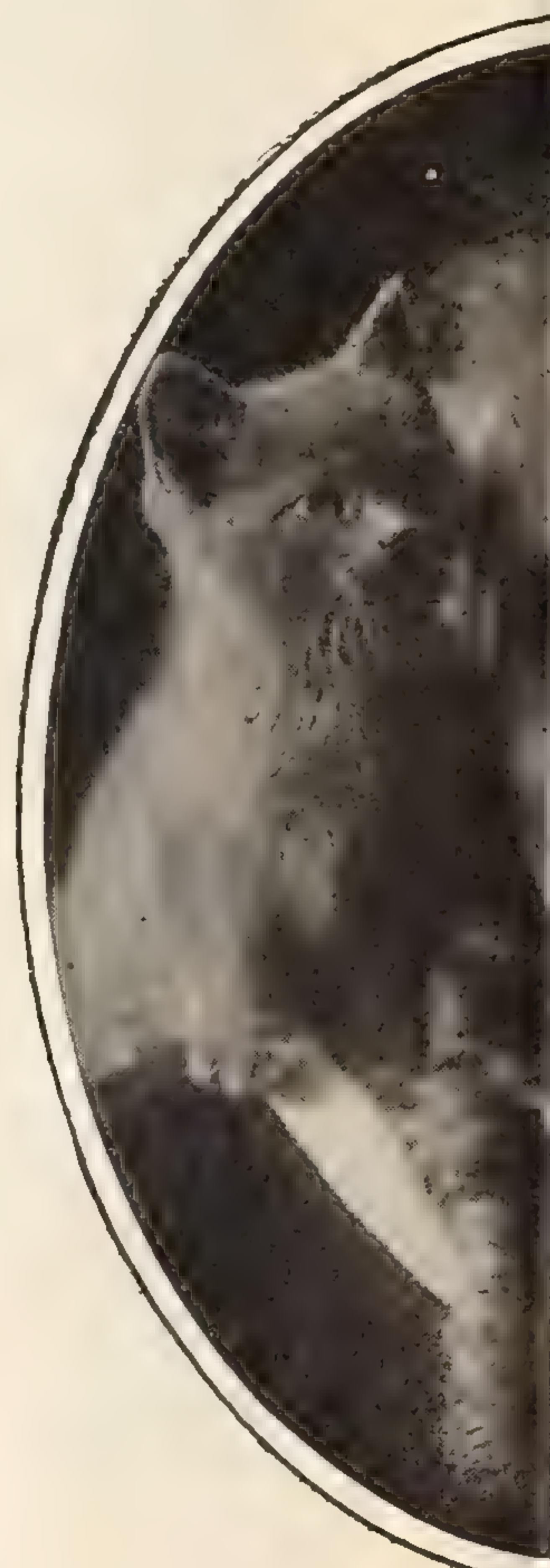
MUTUAL

A sea lion may be an interesting mascot, but who wants to be all the time catching fish to feed them? From "The Girl and the Game."



UNDERWOOD & UNDERWOOD

Virginia Pearson, of Fox, Chinese pheasant. She will be glad when the pheasant is near.



FAMOUS PLAYERS

Here's a kitten of a girl! Mary Pickford loves this kitten and any of her pets.

HERE is a queer assort-
cherish them fondly &
fectly good and valid reason
much more successful as a mascot
possibly be. No, they do not
Neither do they pick them
Mostly they are introduced
hearsal and become so attached
filmed that they adopt them
the mascots adopt the actresses
from them and bring them home.
becomes fixed and final.
would not care for a sea lion
peacefully on our parlor rug
actresses like to have them,

HAT WOULD YOU CHOOSE FOR A MASCOT?

of pets. Their owners in advance sixty-five per cent each individual pet is than any other pet could be upon them by chance. because they are different. see queer mascots in a rethem before a picture is inently. Once in a while and refuse to be separated luck that the partnership, of course, some of us mule or a calf reposingント of the fire, yet if the eir own business, isn't it?



MUTUAL

Helen Holmes calls her mascot "Dr. Dumba." Doc is a picturesque wild hog, thin but temperamental. Among other vicious qualities, he has a strong soprano voice.



AMERICAN-MUTUAL

"He's my best friend, bless his heart!" says Anna Little. If she had lived in the days of the centaurs, Miss Little would have been queen of them all.



BALBOA

"Well," admits Ruth Roland, "I didn't care much for him myself at first, but now I think he is a darling." At the same time, we'd prefer the wild hog ourselves.



THANHOUSER

This isn't one of those fur rugs the girls wear around their necks in the summertime. It's a real bear. Florence La Badie spends her spare time in feeding it and teaching it tricks.



UNITED

Give Minnie Brown a long, clear day, a reliable cinch and her pet mount, and she is happy. Sun-fishing, pitching or bucking, it is all the same to her.



FAMOUS PLAYERS

Marguerite Clark, as the Prince in "The Prince and the Pauper," finds a calf a comfortable pillow. Look at his half-open eye, and you will see that the calf considers himself a fortunate chap.

I a darling of a kitten. "kittly-kat" better than

THE TELEPHONE STUNT



The victim at the other end of the wire.

KING BAGGOT, of the Universal Acting Forces, is one of the most inveterate engineers of practical jokes among the well-known photoplayers. He can keep his face as straight as a graven image, if there is danger of a joke being spoiled by premature laughter. One of his star tricks is the telephone stunt, which he uses on dull evenings in the Screen Club, in New York, especially when he has good material for an audience.

The idea is to call some prominent member of the moving

picture business at his home and impersonate a teamster who is trying to deliver a damaged parcel. If the goat is of German descent, Baggot uses an Irish brogue. On an Irishman he uses the German dialect, and in some cases he gives his conversation a Jewish accent. The burden of the story is that the package is something in a box addressed to the victim and is on a wagon. The wagon is broken down, and the box is leaking all over the place. The more prominent the victim, the more fun there is in the way he falls for the trick. This is especially true if he is a man of serious turn of mind and is inclined to worry. Such a man is pie for Baggot.

He caught his boss, Carl Laemmle, president of the Universal Film Manufacturing Company, when the latter was about to do the carving of a roast at his home. There were guests present, and Mr. Laemmle was in a hurry. The conversation was something as follows:

"Is this Misther Carl Lemmel?"

"Yes, yes, yes! What is it?"

"Faith, I got it."

"You got what?"

"The box."

"What box?"

"'Tis a box addhressed to you, sor, marked 'Special delivery.' But I can't deliver it to you right away, and it's l'aking all over the place."



King Baggot explaining to his victim at the other end of the telephone, that the express wagon has broken down and the box is leaking all over the place.

"All over what place?"

"All over the street."

"Well, why don't you bring it up?"

"Shure, I can't. The wagon is broke down, and the box is l'aking all over the place, and it's marked 'Special delivery.'"

"Well, let it leak. I don't care."

"Yes, but I'm a poor mon, Misther Lemmel, and it'll cost me my week's wages if I don't deliver the box to-night, because it's l'aking all over the place."

"Well, what's your name? I'll stand for it if you lose anything."

"Would you mind spaking a little louder, plase? I can't understand you."

"I said, what's your name?"

"What name is it? It's addressed to Mis-ther Carl Lemmel."

"Not my name! What's your name?"

"Would you mind holding the line a minute, till I see if my horse is all right? I left him sthanding in the street."

* * * * *

"Hello! Is this Misther Lemmel?"

"Yes, this is Mr. Laemmle."

"Well, it's l'aking pretty bad, Misther Lemmel, and I don't know how I'm going to get it up to the studio."

"Well, did you call up the studio?"

"I did, sor, and nobody answered the 'phone."

"Couldn't you get the night watchman?"

"No, sor."

To form the right idea of Mr. Laemmle's state of mind, it should be explained that it just happened that he was expecting a consignment of metol from Germany. Metol is an indispensable chemical in photograph laboratory work. The price of it has jumped from \$3 a pound to \$30 a pound since the war began, so it is easy to imagine his feelings when he thought of the metol leaking all over the street. Mr. Laemmle also was receiving numerous complaints from his wife and assembled guests that the meat was getting cold, and between these con-

flicting elements Mr. Laemmle began to perspire a little and get hot under the collar.

"Why don't you get another wagon?" he screamed.

"What's the matter with the wagon?" answered Baggot. "It's broke down, and it's after business hours, and I can't get another without leaving my horse. What will I do with it? The box is l'aking all over the place."

"I don't care what you do with it!" snapped Laemmle. "Let it go to the dickens!"

"Yes, but it is marked 'Perishable. Special delivery,' and I don't like to lose my week's wages."

"Where are you now?" asked Mr. Laemmle.

"I'm at Fourteenth Street and Seventh Avenue," said Baggot, "and I can't get any further."

"Well, wait, and I'll be down in my machine and see if we can't get you out of there."

Mr. Laemmle ordered his limousine and proceeded from his home on West End Avenue at whirlwind speed to Fourteenth Street and Seventh Avenue. He found no wagon, no Irishman, no traces of anything that had been leaking on the street. Thinking that perhaps the man had got a lift and managed to get to the studio at Forty-third Street and Eleventh Avenue, he hastened there. The place was in darkness. In a rage Laemmle returned to his home, cursing the Irish, and found the guests were down to ice cream and coffee.

Later in the evening Baggot called Mr. Laemmle again on the telephone, using the Irish brogue.

"Is this Misther Lemmel?"

"Yes, it is, you fat-headed idiot! I have been all over town trying to find you."

"Why, what do you mean, Mr. Laemmle?"

"Are you the fellow that had that box for me?"

A loud chours by the Screen Club boys was enough for Mr. Laemmle's quick wit, and he took his medicine like a man.



The Models

I met a maiden fair and sweet,
With beauteous eyes and figure neat,
And gracefully she moved along,
Like the op'ning bars of a lilting song.
"Where did you learn the art?" I cried.
"That queenly grace, that royal pride?"
She said, in manner quaint and solemn,
"I'm reading Mary Pickford's column."

A noble youth with flashing eye
Stood on the street and heaved a sigh;
Well groomed, highborn, like any lord,
He seemed to be a trifle bored.
"Are you a prince?" I said to him.
He frowned, and then, to satisfy my whim,
He turned on me—his voice was gruff—
And said, "That's Francis Bushman stuff."

—Miles Overholst.

Stretched to the Limit

Friend—Was your big baseball picture realistic?

Movie director—Man, it was so true to life that when the "lucky seventh" came around, the board of censorship got up and stretched!



Just as Easy

Mrs. Johnson—Does yo' husban' like movin' pictures?

Mrs. Jackson—Yas'm, he don't keer. Jes' soon move pictures as pianos.

He Could Not Refuse

Editor—This is only an apology for a scenario.

Writer—Won't you accept it?



She Created Them

Topp—His wife would make a good scenario writer.

Sopp—Yes; she certainly knows how to create scenes.



Lucille Taft, heroine of the Rialto Star Features on the regular Mutual program, is an expert horticulturist and enjoys a large annual income from her profession.



KEYSTONE

Louise Fazenda is a new light in the Keystone constellation of stars. This is a scene from her newest picture, in which the camera man is getting a "close up" picture. Dick Jones, fondly nursing his left front ankle, is directing, and Mack Sennett is bossing the job.

THE PLACE FINDER

THE QUIET chap in the big automobile stopped the car at a lonely spot in the road. You wouldn't call it an inviting place. The atmosphere dripped with mystery and murkiness.

"Hm!" muttered the quiet chap. "Good place for a murder!"

He left the car and closely examined the surroundings. He squinted down the road to note the approach, he peered behind the trees and under the tangled underbrush. He pulled a folded map from his pocket and examined it carefully, making a red pencil dot at the place he stood. Then he noted the location on a small card, stepped back into the car and whirred slowly down the road.

He meant it, too. He was marking down the place on the map for a murder. And within three days the murder took place in that same spot—one of the best film murders the company had ever done.

Meantime the Place Finder was still scouting about the country, looking for other places. He was in search of an ideal spot for love making and garden fetes. He needed them. When a scene was wanted in his company, and they came to the Place Finder, calmly demanding a nice, quiet spot to be run over by an automobile, or a suitable place to be thrown from a cliff, or an ideal spot for a love affair, or a grand stretch for a battle, they expected him to know just where to send them. For the Place Finder is a mighty important chap in the Jesse L. Lasky Feature Play Company. And all he does is to find places.

"Here, old man, we want a good place for a duel tomorrow," they say to him.


"Duel?" murmurs the Place Finder. "Certainly, sir. I have some excellent places for duels, latest spring styles, just in to-day. Right this way, sir." And he runs over a card index until he comes to "Duel" and pulls out the exact location.

"Bout forty miles from here," he directs, "two miles this way and three miles that. Just beyond the white house on the corner and before you get to the olive ranch to the right. Turn to the left and run down the little lane on the corner side. Saw it last week."

It's a grand life! Nothing to do but to ride around and pick out locations. One day to the coast line, prowling about the seashore, on the watch for waves and rocks and good places to be drowned in. Next day on the mountains, keeping his eyes peeled for a likely spot for a bandit chase or a thrilling fall or a good mine picture.

"You'd never think that people would remember scenes, would you?" he said, as he put away some cards, after marking them to indicate that they had been used. "They remember them so well that we seldom use a scene for the second time. You see, I usually take a photograph of the location and attach it to the card, with explicit directions as to the best way to reach the spot. Then I also add a list of the people in the neighborhood who are willing to allow the company to use their estates for the picture."

FILM FUN MOTION PICTURES



The Reform of Roaring Jake; or the Work of an Effective Chaser.

Six and Eight

Johnnie, aged eight, was on his way to the picture show, with five cents in his pocket. His little sister spied him and wanted to go.

"How old is she?" inquired the ticket man, when they arrived.

"Six," said Johnnie. "Why?"

"Well, you will have to pay a nickel for her, too, sonny," said the man.

"Well, I am eight an' she is six, makin' it fourteen," added

Johnnie. "Anybody who is fourteen kin git in fur a nickel, can't they?"

She Followed Directions

"Bridget, why is not this dessert light and spongy as it ought to be?"

"Sure, ma'am, and I don't know. I made it just as you told me. You said to beat it until it was cold, and as soon as I took it from the stove, I beat it to a moving picture show, and when I got back it was cold."



THANHouser-MUTUAL

The clever collie invites her friends in, to tell them about her scheme to make the folks move back to the city apartment. The friends enjoy the joke Lady played on her mistress.

A Motion Picture Collie

A CLEVER collie is "playing lady" for the Thanhouser, nowadays, and playing it very well, indeed. She seems to enjoy taking part in a picture as much as any of the actors and awaits her cues with whining eagerness. When the play is rehearsed, she goes from member to member, to be patted and praised, and then leaves the studio, in pursuit of such entertainment as a collie dog may find among her admiring friends.

In "A Clever Collie's Come-back," Lady objects strenuously



THANHouser-MUTUAL

Mandy declares the house is haunted, and Lady looks on with calm approval. Mandy says a ghost has pulled off the bedclothes and turned out the light and run off with the baby carriage.

to moving from a city apartment to the country. You'd think most dogs would like the freedom of the country, with regular grass to roll on and chew at and plenty of things to bark at.

But Lady does not like the country. She prefers the excitements and the dangers of the city. She tells her doggish friends that she is going to queer the place and induce her family to return to the city. She goes about her work with a sedate manner and an innocent expression; but just as soon as the folks move in, things begin to happen.

Nobody thinks of blaming it on the dog, but they know that mighty queer things are going on in that house. Mandy,



THANHouser-MUTUAL

Lady, the clever collie, retrieves the bag with the stolen money and saves her master from the plot of the cashier, who is the real thief.

the cook, declares that a ghost has pulled all the bedclothes from her in the middle of the night, and her master and mistress have a lot of fun with her, until a candle is suddenly blown out in the hands of the master. Then the baby carriage runs away, seemingly all by itself, and all of a sudden a portly and edible beefsteak transforms itself into an article that has never been advertised as anything tender or eatable.

So the frightened family move back to town, and the dog goes serenely along, laughing in its paw all the time. First thing Lady does is to give a party to her friends and pass the secret of the haunted house along, and mysteries too deep for humans are explained.



Just Like a Woman

The heroine was strolling down the narrow road, and the speeding auto was coming round the corner.

The newsboy rose in his seat and yelled,

"Jump—youse—jump!"

When the machine hurled her to the ground, the boy groaned in disgust.

"Ain't dat just like a woman?" he said to the audience at large. "An' me tellin' her de car was right dere!"



A Nautical View

The two sailors watched the picture with much interest, until the picture husband ran away and left his wife destitute.

"He isn't much of a mate," said the tall sailor.

"More like a skipper," agreed the short sailor.



THANHouser-MUTUAL

Lady, in the play, "A Clever Collie's Come-back," switches a beefsteak for a pair of corsets.

FILM FUN MOTION PICTURES



Lady Godiva's Stroll, and How It Meant Fortune as well as Fame.

The Screening of the Snake

"We were doing a railroad story on one occasion, and one of the scenes was to show where a passenger train had stopped after having nearly struck a little child," says Bill Haddock. "The passengers and train crew were to run forward and gather about the cowcatcher and talk excitedly. The scene was going fine. The cameras were clicking merrily, and I was highly pleased with the action, when suddenly my actors began knocking each other down in their frantic attempts to get away from that particular spot. It seems that a big snake of a harmless

variety had been peacefully sleeping in a little hollow under one of the rails. The actors had disturbed his slumber, and while they were kneeling about the figure of the dummy that had been tied to the tracks, Mr. Snake crawled out of his little bedroom to see what the fuss was all about. It would have been far better for him had he stayed in bed, for he met his everlasting finish in a very few minutes."



Actor—Couldn't you learn to love me?

Miss Film—Perhaps—if you were a better teacher.



FOX

"THE FOXY KIDS," WILLIAM FOX CHILD ACTRESSES



GOLD SEAL

The Boob looking pleasant at an interruption, even though he wants to study the third lesson in "How To Be a Detective."

A Diplomatic Rebuke

An objectionable person once clapped Sir Herbert Tree familiarly on the back and accompanied the deed with:

"Oh, hello! How are you, Harry?"

Sir Herbert looked the man over with effective deliberation and replied:

"Quite well, I thank you. But, I say, if you *must* call me by my first name, call me Bertie. That's my name, you know."

The actor-knight, despite his years, his long record of splendid achievement and his unassailable position among England's foremost men, is admirably democratic, as is conclusively proven by his immediate acceptance of the freemasonry of the motion picture studio. And a further proof of his bigness of mind is the fact that he delights to tell stories on himself. Here is one that he has told since his arrival in Los Angeles:

His little daughter had begged him to buy her a pony.

"But, my dear," said Sir Herbert, "we really cannot afford it."

"Well, daddy, if you could act just a little better, couldn't we afford it?"



A Grand Dive

"I have never held any medals for diving," explains Frances Nelson, of the World Film Corporation, in a two-minute interview, "but I am going to apply for one. When we were up in the Adirondacks a short time ago, getting exteriors for a new picture, I did a dive that really should have notice. I was supposed to be a sweet

young thing being pursued by a villain, and the directions were to register terror with a backward glance and dive into a huge cave in the mountain.

"I did so. But I intend to have some investigating on caves before I dive again. For I dived right out with the same register of a backward glance of terror. It was the real register. I had dived right into the winter apartments of a nice brown bear. Her welcome was warm, but not reassuring, and I made it a short call. We picked another cave for my diving act right away."



Inclosed Find Stamps

"I try to be nice," says Ethel Teare, "but I wish the girl fans who write letters to me would inclose postage. Answering a few hundred letters a week is difficult enough, but the expense cuts into one's pin money."



PARAMOUNT
A pupil in Professor Ditmars's school looking pleasant when her favorite comrade comes to spend the afternoon.

Well Dunn

The picture showed the poet in a cheap hallroom. The landlady was dunning him for the rent. Two girls were amused at his plight. Said one:

"Isn't he frightfully thin?"

"Yes, indeed; but I suppose the only thing he gets to eat is 'cold cuts' from the landlady."



Off to Bermuda for Exteriors

Sidney Olcott, director for the Famous Players, is in Bermuda, getting exteriors for a new play, "Chaff in the Wind," which he is to direct for Miss Valentine Grant. Lois Zellner wrote the play expressly for Miss Grant and accompanied

the company to Bermuda to get material for a seascape scenario. The voyage to Bermuda is an excellent place to get rather unexpected views of interiors.

Rough stuff!



A Chilly Courtship

The picture on the screen showed a skating pond. A young man and his sweetheart were skating. Suddenly the ice broke, and the couple fell in.

"That is one way," remarked a man to his wife, "to break the ice with a girl."



A Reeling Film

Little boy (watching a shaky moving picture)—Oh, mother, look at the film reeling!



A Slim Record

Motion picture actor—That new leading lady is rather thin, isn't she?

Motion picture director—Thin! Gosh, man, she could take a bath in a fountain pen!



Habit

Mrs. Kriss—Does your husband go to the pictures with you on a Sunday?

Mrs. Kross—Yes; but he always wants to go out through the side door.



Audible Remarks

Movie actors and actresses are seen, but not heard—but that doesn't seem to apply to the average audience.



Rejected

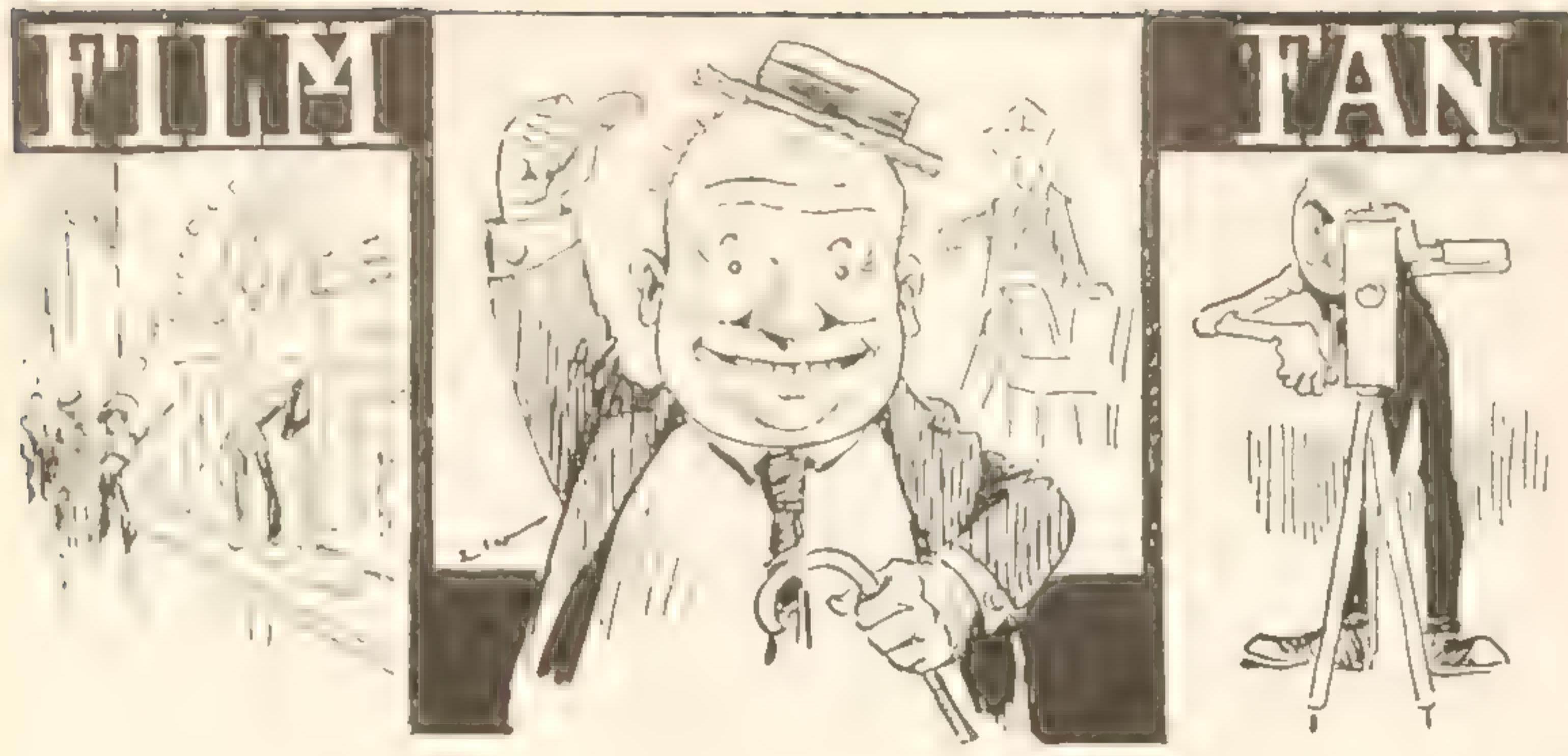
Tipp—Does Gray write dog-eared scenarios?

Topp—Yes. They are always turned down.



KEYSTONE

Chester Conklin looking pleasant under difficulties—and bricks.



"WELL, I see Charlie Chaplin, after doing some clever ground and lofty tumbling about among the motion picture companies, has volplaned himself into a pleasant little job with the Mutual. Heard what he was getting? A fat little sum of \$520,000 per each and every year," said the Film Fan.

"Stage money—stage money!" growled the Grouch.

"I'm crazy to see him in 'Carmen,'" said the pretty Secretary.

"What's he play—the bull?" snapped the Grouch. "Let me tell you something about this fellow Chaplin——"

"Cheer up!" grinned the Fan. "You always talk this way when you eat sausages for breakfast. Did you see that story of the priest in England, Father Watt, who, so the London papers say, declares that Chaplin is more to some people than Almighty God? He says they'll go to see Chaplin when they refuse to go to church."

"Ya-ah," said the Grouch. "I see the New York police called in those pesky little disks that were passed around as Charlie Chaplin medals, too. They got to be more to some people than nickels, they looked so much like 'em. Stage money, kid, stage money!"

"Wait a minute," went on the Fan. "Did you know that the Chaplin pictures appear in over 31,000 theaters daily and that an average of 12,000 people daily laugh at the Chaplin antics?"

"They didn't laugh at him much at the Hippodrome that night he appeared there to conduct the orchestra," said the Grouch. "I never saw Chaplin in my life until that night—never saw a Chaplin picture—but I would not have said he was anything to rave about. He was awkward, shy, ill at ease—he admits it. He looked like a boy trying to recite his first piece at the Friday afternoon exercises at school."

"That was because he did not have his Chaplin make-up on. As Chaplin, the man, he probably would never interest anybody," insisted the Fan; "but let him get on his Chaplin trousers and big shoes and his quaint kick, and he becomes Chaplin, the entertainer—the mime."

"Yah," sneered the Grouch. "I was coming along the street the other day when they were towing him into the office to sign that contract they talked about. There was a crowd gathered, and he refused to pass through it—refused to go in and sign the contract unless they'd shoo the bunch away."

"Shyness," suggested the Fan.

"Shyness, your grandmother!" growled the Grouch. "He didn't propose to let people see him for nothing, when he could make them pay for the privilege. Everybody that has worked with him says he is

the most difficult man to work with they have ever experienced. Maybe it's shyness, and maybe it's temperament, and then, again, maybe it's something else."

"You are prejudiced," said the Fan. "Now, listen. Chaplin is a serious-minded young chap, and just because he does not believe in squandering his money and making a bally ass out of himself in the cafes and along the white lights, you fellows jump on him. Be his vogue long or be it short, it will stand as the greatest vogue any actor has ever known. Did you read that story about him in *Blackwood's Magazine*? Listen while I read an extract:

"But what," inquired that earnest seeker after knowledge, Mr. Waddell, "is the general attitude of the country at large upon this grave question?"

"Captain Wagstaffe chuckled.

"The dear old country at large," he replied, "is its dear old self, as usual. The one topic of conversation at present is—Charlie Chaplin."

"Who is Charlie Chaplin?" inquired several voices.

"Wagstaffe shook his head.

"I haven't the faintest idea," he said. "All I know is that you can't go anywhere in London without running up against him. He is It. The mention of his name in a revue is greeted with thunders of applause."

"But who is he?"

"That I can't tell you. I made several attempts to find out; but whenever I asked the question, people simply stared at me in amazement. I felt quite ashamed; it was plain that I ought to have known. I have a vague idea that he is some tremendous new boss whom the government has appointed to make shells or something. Anyhow, the great British nation is far too much engrossed with Charles to worry about a little thing like conscription. Still, I should like to know. I feel I have been rather unpatriotic about it all."

"I can tell you," said Bobby Little.

"My servant is a great admirer of his. He is the latest cinema star. Falls off roofs and gets run over by motors—

"And keeps the police at bay with a fire hose," added Wagstaffe. "That's him! I know the type. Thank you, Bobby!"

"Major Kemp put down his glass with a gentle sigh and rose to go.

"We are a great nation," he remarked contentedly. "I was a bit anxious about things at home, but I see now there was nothing to worry about. We shall win, all right. Well, I am off to the mess. See you later, everybody!"

"That's no proof," grunted the Grouch. "And, anyway, Roscoe Arbuckle was right when he said the worst thing that can happen to any actor is to arrive."

"You go into any theater, and when the announcement is made of a Chaplin picture," said the Film Fan, "everybody will sigh as happily as the small boy who has just found out that there is to be ice cream for dessert."

"And you can go into the next theater and watch them get up and leave," grinned the Grouch triumphantly. "Fellow told me last night everybody groaned when they read it, and half of them got up and left."

"It's the box-office receipts that talk," said the Film Fan.

"Stage money, kid!" muttered the Grouch. "Stage money!"



How to be a Giant in Health and Mind

How to re-create the body and mind; how to be thoroughly healthy and successful; how to restore every cell, every tissue and every organ to its normal function, without inconvenience; a unique, new and wonderful discovery that energizes the body and brain cells; conclusions drawn from thousands of cases

By W. W. WASHBURN

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This new system, although it has already resulted in the complete recovery of thousands upon thousands of "extreme" cases, is just as valuable to people who are well. It gives them an entirely new idea of how truly healthy and happy a human being can be—how overflowing with energy, dash and life. And it is so thoroughly natural and simple that it accomplishes seemingly impossible results entirely without the use of drugs, medicines or dieting, without weights, exercisers or apparatus, without violent forms of exercise, without massaging or electricity or cold baths or forced deep breathing—in fact, this system does its revolutionizing work without asking you to do anything you do not like and neither does it ask you to give up what you do like. And so wonderful are its results that you begin to feel renewed after the first five minutes.

How the Cells Govern Life

The body is composed of billions of cells. When illness or any other unnatural condition prevails we must look to the cells for relief. When we lack energy and power, when we are listless, when we haven't smashing, driving *power* back of our thoughts and actions, when we must *force* ourselves to meet our daily business and social obligations, when we are sick or ailing, or when, for *any* reason, we are not enjoying a fully healthy and happy life, it is simply because certain *cells* are weak and inactive or totally dead. They haven't the power to run the human engine as nature intended. These facts and many others were discovered by Alois P. Swoboda and resulted in his marvelous new system of *cell-culture*.

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The Voice You Must Hear

Although the Swoboda system is trifling in cost, men who can afford the most expensive treatments in the world are turning to it. Swoboda numbers among his pupils judges, senators, congressmen, cabinet members, ambassadors, governors, physicians and ministers, working men as well as millionaires.

But it is the voice of the masses, the voice of the great army of plain, every-day people to which you must listen—the voices that say "I would never have believed it possible to gain so much in so short a time." "My capacity for both mental and physical exertion is increasing daily." "I feel like a new person." "Your system has cured me of constipation of 20 years standing." "I feel much better than I have felt for seven or eight years." "I am beginning to forget that I have a body composed of so many organs each of which used to force its presence on my consciousness in a very unpleasant manner at times." "I am 80 years old. After the lessons I feel like a young man." "I feel today 200% better than I did 6 weeks ago." "I never was better in my life than I am today." "I have grown within a few months from a weakling to an unusually strong man."

These are but a few of the heartfelt words of sincere appreciation sent to Swoboda by his grateful pupils. To print all the letters he has received would fill a book of a thousand or more pages. From those shown (the writers' names will be sent on request)—you will realize that there is a great deal for *you* in the Swoboda System of cell-culture.

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Please tear out the coupon on this page, write your name and address on it or write a letter or even a postal card and mail to Alois P. Swoboda, 1923 Aeolian Bldg., New York. Even if you gain but one suggestion out of the 60 pages in Swoboda's book, you will have been repaid a thousand fold for having read it. I urge you by all means not to delay, not to say, "I'll do it later," but to send the coupon or a letter or postal now, while the matter is on your mind. Remember, the book is absolutely free—there is no charge or obligation now or later. Write now.

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You See—and Also Hear!

The first part of "The Conqueror" was about two-thirds finished when two ladies entered the photoplay house and seated themselves in three and four, last row of the reserves, right section. The two fellows in front were but mildly disturbed at their entrance, being absorbed as they were in the screen hero. But before the ladies had fairly established themselves, it was discovered that one of them was what is becoming known among movie-ites in some communities as "an interpreter." Her companion appeared to be of the average intelligence, but evidently she wasn't given credit for it, and the "interpreter" babbled on like a Victrola with a new needle and a fresh record.

"There's Willard now, and that girl is the one who always plays with him lately. Those are maline wings she has on that dress. Now, you see, she doesn't know what her father has been doing, and so this fellow is telling her all about it. Her father has borrowed a lot of money from him, and so she even owes him for the very clothes she has on, and this fellow has paid for that swell home and everything."

All of which was a mile from the story, and the unwilling audience of two hoped the "interpreter" would get a glimmer of what was really happening before she rambled on. Finally, at the end of the second part or the beginning of the third, somewhere along there, she managed to get on the track, but seemed to think it necessary to explain what was perfectly evident. She read all the printed matter, just as if everyone was unable to do it for himself, and continued her babble:

"Now, you see, he is going to ruin her father, and, you see, right here is where he says to the father that he will save him if he will make his daughter marry him—that's Mark, you know—the fellow that is so rich and trying to get into society. The girl just hates him. Now, you see, her folks are just begging her to marry him, because they don't want to be poor, and so she is going to sacrifice herself to save her family. You see, when she says she will, they all hug and kiss her. There is the butler with Mark's card. Now she will accept him. Oh, no, sir, she has changed her mind, and now he is leaving, and everything is lost!"

"Then, you see, the fellow, Mark, you know, was just trying the girl, and because she wouldn't sell herself to him, why, he is going to make her father rich again by sending up that stock he had so much of. That proves how much he really thinks of the girl. See, he is writing her a note, telling her all about it. There's the note, and it says— (Read out word by word.) Wasn't that sweet of him! There she is now. You see, she is calling him up, and she says for him to come to tea to-morrow afternoon. See! It says, 'Won't you take tea with me to-morrow afternoon?' She is all flustered and just as happy as can be. You see, she loved him, but didn't seem to realize it. He is wild with joy. See, he is whistling, and everything is just fine now. You see"—

Curtain and curses.

—J. E. Karkeet.



Some Are Censored

During a play of a religious nature, one of the commandments was screened. Little Ethel was watching the show with her aunt.

"Ethel, do you live according to the Ten Commandments?" her aunt asked.

"Yes," was the reply; "but we don't have to use them all at our house."

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NEWS NOTES

First National Exposition of Motion Picture Men

Madison Square Garden, New York, will house the first National Exposition of Motion Picture Industries. The exposition will begin May 6th and close May 13th. It will be under the auspices of the Motion Picture Board of Trade of America, Incorporated, and will be managed by J. M. Binder, executive secretary of the Board of Trade, and Harry A. Cochrane, general manager of Madison Square Garden.

The Motion Picture Board of Trade of America is the national organization directing the destinies of the motion picture industries, and many important trade conferences and conventions will be held in conjunction with the exposition. Film managers will have all their favorites in the motion picture world meet the public, and pictures will be made each day, in order to give the public an insight into the manufacturing end of the business. In addition, all the latest devices, accessories and equipment for studios and theaters will be shown, for the benefit of the trade.



The Round-up

Raoul A. Walsh, director of the William Fox company that is appearing in a great Western photodrama which is nearing completion, has returned from New Mexico with some of the most remarkable photographs ever taken of a cattle round-up. Mr. Walsh hastened to New Mexico some time ago, when he heard that a herd of five thousand cattle was to be brought in from the ranges by cowboys, and he cast several of his big scenes so that they would fit in with the round-up.



Child Actresses

More child actresses have been developed by photoplays during the brief existence of the industry than the legitimate stage can boast of having made in its entire history. Most of them are children of theatrical people, and their fondness for acting is inborn. Their schooling begins when they are old enough to talk, and it consists of instruction in the work of their chosen profession and in the ordinary branches of education as well.



29

Motion Picture Tribute Day

Monday, May 15th, will be National Motion Picture Tribute Day, when the last of the \$500,000 promised by the motion picture industry for the Actors' Fund will be

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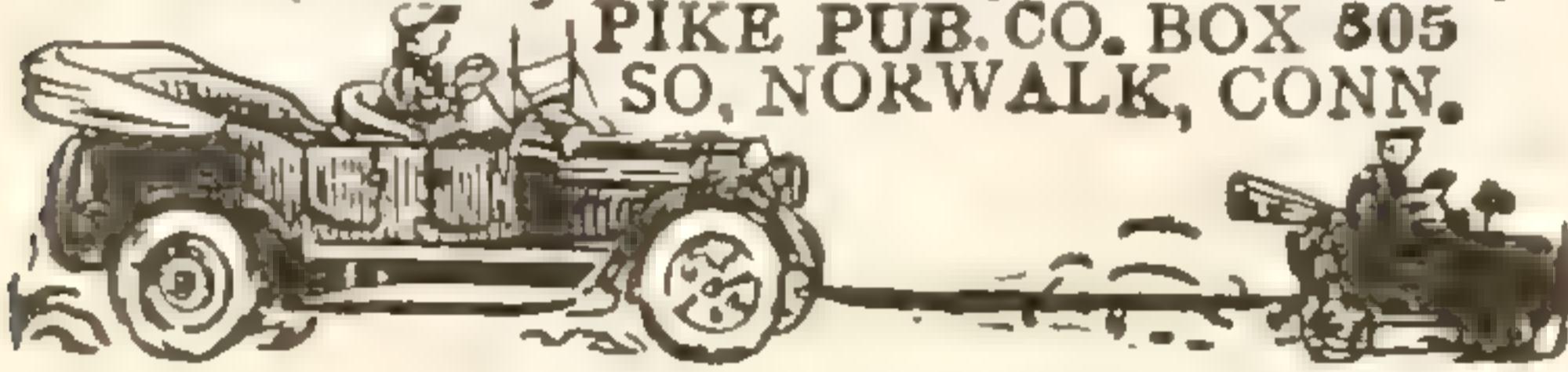
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gathered. The motion picture campaign for this fund has been very active recently. Annual collections for the Actors' Fund of America have been going on for years. With an endowment fund of \$1,000,000, these annual collections will be eliminated. The motion picture industry has promised to raise \$500,000.

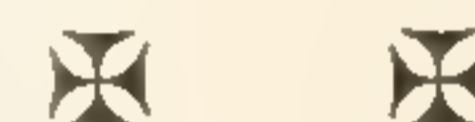
Everyone connected in any way with motion pictures is solicited to contribute toward this fund. All checks should be addressed and made payable to J. Stuart Blackton, treasurer, Locust Avenue, Brooklyn, N.Y.



Rates Advance

Insurance companies contemplate increasing the rates on the lives of movie actors, according to recent reports in the newspapers. It is contended that the photoplay artist takes more risks than men engaged in other lines of work.

Furthermore, many companies declare that the screen actor is so frequently enthused by the desire for realism that he never stops to consider the result when playing a part which is connected with dangerous "business."



Different Types

Two Irish printers were watching a picture dealing with the "Smart Set." One part was supposed to be a scene at the opera. Several women in low-cut gowns occupied a box.

"Would ye call them women a bold type?" asked one.

"Yis," was the response; "and thin some would call them display type."



Do You Blame Her?

Two girls were watching a play featuring an actress with rather a poor figure.

"I was reading in a magazine," remarked one girl, "that this star would like to return to this world in some other form."

"Well, do you blame her?" was the reply. "Look at the shape she has now!"



Local Color

The scene showed the interior of a dressing-room. Several actresses were making up.

"What are those women doing?" asked a woman of her husband.

"It looks to me as if they were putting on some local color."



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Who's Who and Where

Princess Olga, of the Selig Company, has a new animal act, in which seven man-eating tigers literally "eat out of her hand."

George Melford, the Lasky producer, is lamenting the loss of the House of Parliament at Ottawa. Some of his earliest memories are associated with the fine buildings. In their childhood days Melford and Margaret Anglin used to play in the grounds of the Parliament House.

Bertha Kalich, the famous tragedienne who has recently joined the William Fox photoplay forces, is working in her first picture at the Fox Studio in Coytesville, N. J. Mme. Kalich has recovered from the eye strain which she suffered the first day she worked before the studio lights.

William E. Shay, co-star with Claire Whitney in "The Ruling Passion," a William Fox production made in the West Indies, is one of the most hospitable of actors. He entertains many of his friends at his summer home on Long Island. One of the fixtures of the place is a parrot, which can say, "Hello, old man! How are you?" in five different languages.

Edward H. Sothern, foremost Shakespearean actor, who recently retired from the speaking stage, is the latest to succumb to the lure of the screen. Sothern signed the contract with the Vitagraph after he had announced that he would retire from the stage at the end of the present season. Mrs. Sothern (Julia Marlowe) is not to be seen with him on the screen.

Ruth Roland is primarily a sane young woman. Success has not turned her head. While she lives for to-day and has a good time, she has not failed to look ahead. Unlike most professionals, she has a business talent, as a result of which she is husbanding her resources. Age is not going to find her a candidate for the poor-house, like many other one-time eminent entertainers.

Miss Louise Fazenda, the decidedly good-looking young woman being featured under the personal direction of Mack Sennett, the director-general of the Keystone Film Company, will be seen in "The Judge," a two-reel comedy with a laugh a second. The dainty little star has the part of a rather forward manicure girl and is supported by an all-star cast headed

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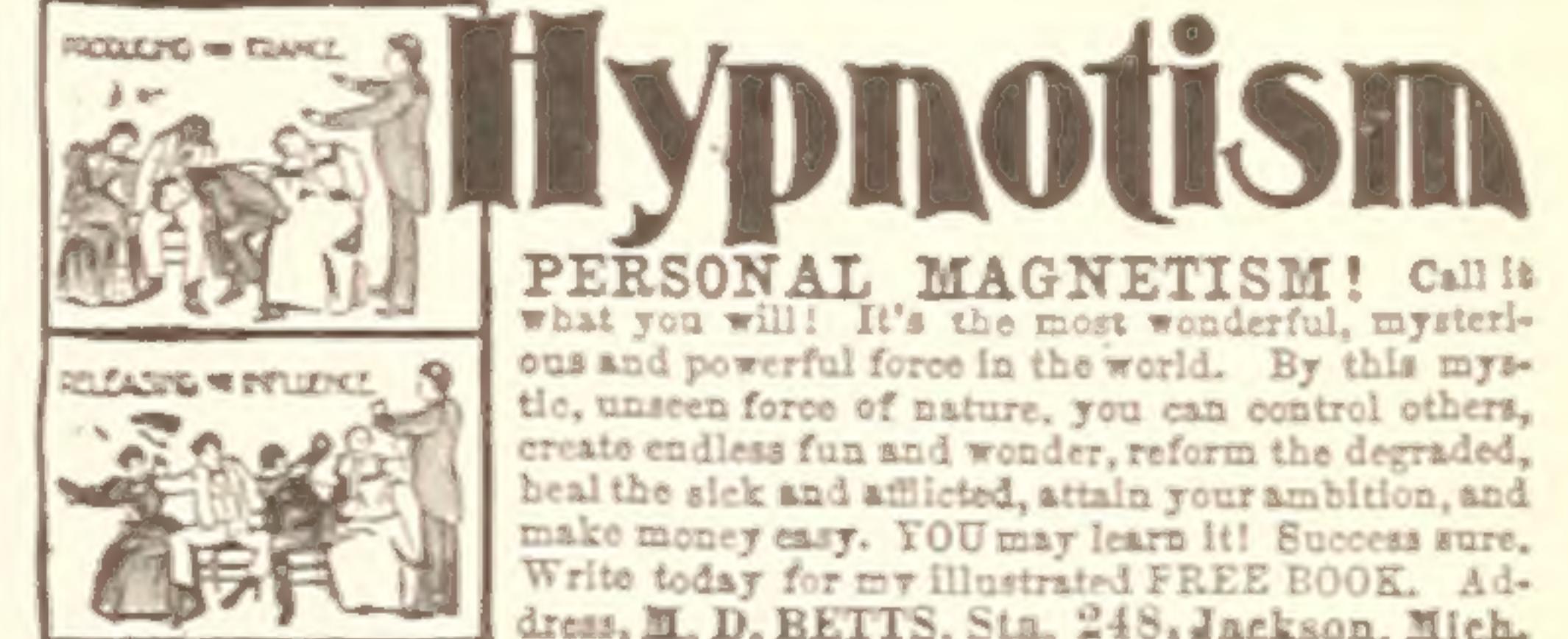
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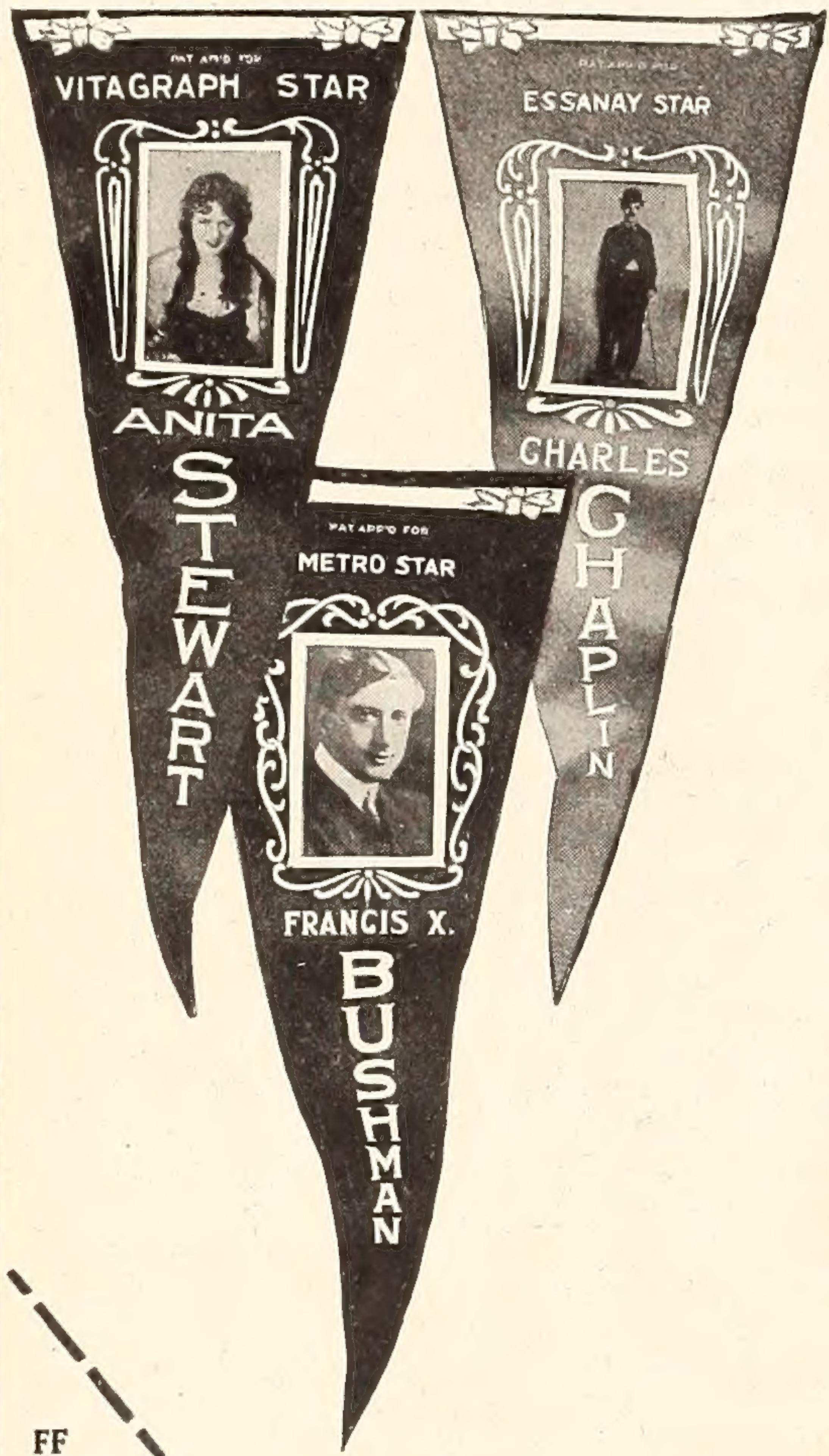


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by Charles Murray. Miss Fazenda has begun rehearsals upon a new story, which will be ready for the exhibitor about the last of next month.



Anna Little, the American (Mutual) star, has adopted three little chicks, which were hatched the other day in the incubator of one of her friends. Miss Little keeps her yellow pets in her tiny white kitchen. She insists that they have come to recognize her, because they peep every time she comes near them.



The Jesse L. Lasky Feature Play Company, which has the exclusive right to photoplay versions of the productions of David Belasco, has begun a picturization of "Sweet Kitty Bellairs," in which Mae Murray will be the star. James Young, one of the most experienced and best known of photoplay directors, will supervise this production.



Gretchen Hartman is genuinely witty and is a constant source of delight at the Biograph Studios. An interviewer asked her the other day if she liked keeping house. "Well, I don't like cooking or making beds or sewing or cleaning house or anything like that," said Gretchen; "but apart from that, I am a good housekeeper. When a servant will stay more than a week, I can order her around beautifully."



Often every known subterfuge has to be resorted to in order to evade the crowds that gather in the Los Angeles streets when a scene is filmed. In taking pictures of a steamship office for "The Code of Marcia Gray," a Morosco-Paramount photoplay, the camera had to be smuggled up in an auto with drawn curtains. The crowds were attracted in another direction by a "fight" staged for their benefit by two prop boys, so that the scene could be taken unmolested.



Aeroplaning has become one of the popular diversions among members of the Balboa Studio force. Several noted aviators, wintering in Long Beach, have developed quite a business taking passengers up into the air at the rate of one dollar a minute. Suffice to say that they are getting rich. One of the first to take advantage of the opportunity was William Conklin, the manly lead of Balboa. He did five dollars' worth of sky riding one morning before work and said it was fine.

President Wilson's Message on Advertising

Contained in the following
letter to the President of
the Associated Advertising
Clubs of the World

THE WHITE HOUSE
WASHINGTON

October 11, 1915.

My dear Mr. Houston:

Advertising is a factor of constantly increasing power in modern business, and it very vitally affects the public in all its phases, particularly since the mediums for the dissemination of advertising have increased so remarkably in recent years. For business men, therefore, it is of the utmost importance that the highest standards should be applied to advertising as to business itself.

The country is to be congratulated on the work of the Associated Advertising Clubs to establish and enforce a code of ethics based upon candor and truth that shall govern advertising methods, and the effect of its work should be of the greatest benefit to the country. It augurs permanence and stability in industrial and distributive methods, because it means good business judgment, and more than that, it indicates a fine conception of public obligation on the part of men in business, a conception which is one of the inspiring things in our outlook upon the future of national development.

Cordially and sincerely yours,

Woodrow Wilson

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